Week ending September 24 1949 Every Thursday Threepence

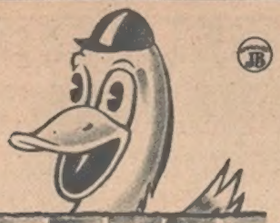
John Bull

MY FIGHT AGAINST INFANTILE PARALYSIS

by MARGARET RIDOUT

New Complete Story by

PETER CHEYNEY



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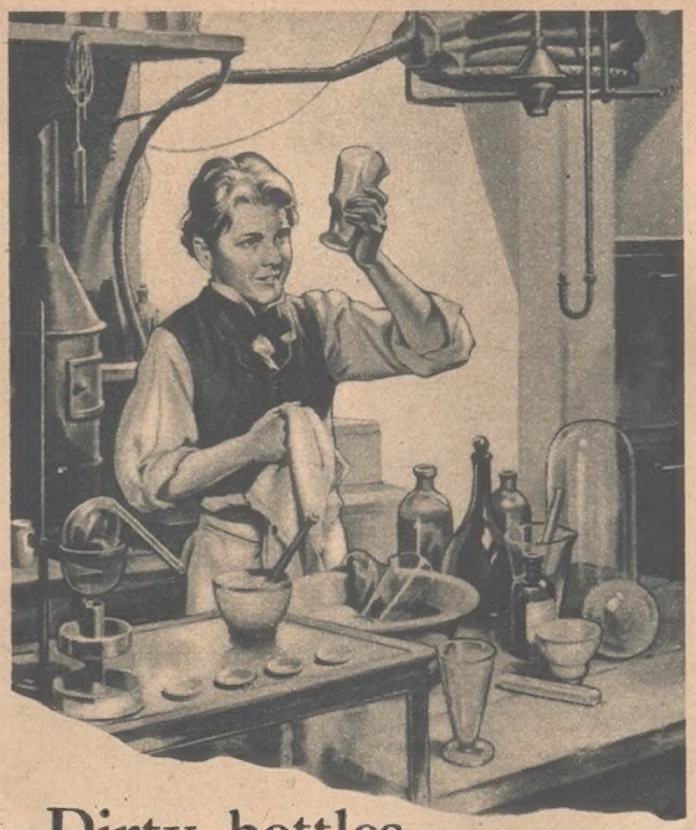

Dirty bottles *led him to fame*

YOUNG Michael Faraday was a bookbinder's journeyman who longed to be a scientist. In 1813 the great chemist Sir Humphry Davy, later inventor of the Davy lamp for miners, needed a laboratory assistant who would wash bottles properly. Faraday was willing to wash bottles — and he washed them well. So began the career that led to Faraday's discovery of the induction of electric currents and to his world-wide fame as one of the greatest electrical scientists in history.

Today there are many people in Britain who have inherited Faraday's spirit of enthusiasm, and some measure of his genius. *All have a part to play in surmounting the many difficulties of the post-war period.*

Those in the electrical industry are striving hard to overcome the shortage of power — already electricity may be used freely at all times except at peak hours. The wider utilisation of electricity is making our factories more efficient, and will soon bring new comforts and conveniences to our homes.

One of the many services of the Electrical Development Association is to advise on new methods whereby electricity can help the horticulturist and the home gardener with his out-of-season growing. Call at your Electricity Service Centre, or write to E.D.A. 2 Savoy Hill, London, W.C.2.

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but when I began to play—*a hush fell upon the room. I played the first few bars of Beethoven's immortal 'Moonlight Sonata.' My friends sat spellbound. I played on as I thought you would like me to play and when the last notes died away the excitement on their faces! 'Who was your teacher!' 'How do you get that lovely singing tone?'*" I receive similar letters daily from students of MY POSTAL LESSONS for the PIANO. Many started *without knowing a note.* My class is seldom less than 2,000 pupils. I have taught over 79,000.

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E D I T O R I A L

Charity calls for a new deal

THERE IS A GENEROUS URGE in most of us to go to the rescue of people in trouble. No amount of State schemes can replace that voluntary help.

Lord Beveridge, who wrote the first blueprint for social security, has since published a long report on how private citizens still can and must help their less fortunate neighbours.

Lord Pakenham, as spokesman for the Government, has said: "We consider that the voluntary spirit is the very lifeblood of democracy."

And the Health Minister, Mr. Bevan, has publicly expressed the hope that people who used to give money to the voluntary hospitals will *go on giving it*, even though the State has taken over.

So private charity will certainly continue, despite the spread of pensions and other State benefits. The question is, how to make the best use of it in the new circumstances of the present day.

Elderly people can remember when charity had to do almost all the work of the modern social services. It was one of the accepted duties of the well-to-do to subscribe to charities and to "go slumming" with baskets of food, clothes and medicine. Thus the fortunate salved their consciences in a society with glaring extremes of wealth and poverty—and much misery was alleviated.

Then, over the last hundred years, there was an enormous growth of organized charities, helping all sorts of victims of circumstance—from penniless centenarians to lost dogs.

More than 50,000 of these organizations still exist, but very few are now doing a good job of work. Some are downright inefficient and wasteful, and others are almost dead, with their funds lodged useless in trust.

A CLEAN-UP of these obsolete charities is long overdue. It could be done without interfering in any way with ordinary neighbourly kindness, and without putting any impersonal State machinery between a man who is well-off and somebody in need whom he wants to help.

To get this clear, we must look at the very roots of charity. A person who has generous impulses and money to spare—and there still are some of these!—wants to share his blessings or at least to relieve misery. Perhaps he does not know anyone who is in grievous need; nor may he want to devote very much time and trouble to the question. But he is ready and willing to give his money.

The natural thing for him to do, therefore, is to write a cheque in favour of a charitable society whose aims he approves. Cheques of this kind have for many years been pouring into the coffers of the fifty-thousand-odd organized charities.

A lot of the money has been distributed among deserving people. But much of it has gone in expenses—paying office rent, salaries, postages, and publicity costs.

Some charities' costs run as high as 40 per cent of the money they collect. This is not a good thing, for no one likes to feel that only 12s. in every £1 he gives will get through to the beneficiary.

Such wasteful running of charities is harmful to the whole cause, and should certainly not be allowed to go on. In most cases it could be avoided by insistence on better and more economical management.

It is equally urgent to reorganize the thousands of charities whose original objects are now out of date because of social progress or other changes. It is wrong that their trust funds, and their considerable tax-free incomes, should remain locked up under obsolete rules while there are still many good uses to which the money could be put.

INCREDIBLE as it seems, there are not even any clear-cut regulations empowering the Charity Commissioners to demand annual accounts from all trusts, or to be informed whenever a new trust is started.

The loopholes for waste, inefficiency and graft are therefore wide.

And there are great sums of money lying about, including £3 million of unclaimed funds in Chancery and over £20 million in forgotten bank balances.

An example of funds largely wasted is that of the 5,000 charities founded long ago for the benefit of old people. The Nuffield Foundation's investigating committee has already recommended that the £5 million a year income of these trusts should be spent constructively in organized welfare work, or on new homes and hostels.

Sooner or later steps will have to be taken to collect and pool the funds of all the obsolete or inefficient charities. One excellent suggestion is that they should be directed into what the Americans call Community Chests and what Scotland already possesses under the name of Common Good. These are local charitable funds, administered by committees of citizens, which can be spent on any good causes not supplied from other sources.

Community Chests are an essential part of life in America, where social services as we understand them hardly exist. There is no reason why they should not work equally well here to fill in the gaps left by the State and to provide a safe channel for private benevolence.

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Free Speech

SO LONELY IN DIGS

I LEFT MY HOME last January to take up a teaching job in a provincial town. The job's all right, but one doesn't live entirely for one's work. How about leisure? I spend all my spare time sitting in my lodgings and walking alone in the streets.

Do all young people working away from home pass their time like this? When I asked a colleague if there was a social centre, she recommended a pub. Now that's not really good enough.

I wish as a race we were more Continental minded. I should like to see a bit of gaiety in our towns, with clubs or cafés providing good food and drink, music and dancing and some singing.—VERA M. HOBBS, Lane Head Farm, Darton, Barnsley, Yorks.

Father Is Absent

FOR SIX OF THE TEN YEARS I have been married, my husband has been in Broadmoor. In spite of appeals to my M.P., clergymen, lawyers and others I am unable to obtain any satisfaction for my peace of mind. I cannot get a divorce because my husband is not considered incurable.

The medical superintendent tells me that he is mentally tranquil, quiet, well conducted, in good bodily health and regularly employed. The Home Secretary can hold out no hope of his release in the near future.

My two youngsters cannot understand why their father is away so long, and it is hard to explain to them. What does one do to solve such a problem?—MRS. J. E., Nottingham.

Back To Britain—Quick

GRUMBLING BRITONS—be warned! I emigrated to America, sailing on the *Queen Elizabeth*. On arrival, we were kept standing in a queue before the immigration authorities from 9 a.m. until 4 p.m. Lunch was served by angry stewards and practically thrown at us. But there was no water to be had during the seven hours.

I quickly decided to come home.—J. WOOLNOUGH, 99 Middle Street, Deal.

Factory Death Traps

RECENTLY WE HAD a "safety first" booklet issued to us in our works. But the work of one "safety first" man would be more effective than all the booklets ever printed.

After nearly forty years in engineering shops I can see that is the only way to keep accidents to a minimum. His job would be to tour the workshops to draw attention to the thousand-and-one "death traps" which are inevitable in any large works. In the rush and tumble, the workers simply do not notice them until something happens.—HERBERT DONNELLY, 57 Park Terrace, Swalwell, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Are We Silly About Dogs?

I HAVE JUST LEFT A London suburb where my life was made a misery by dogs. Any other animal or insect in such vast numbers would have qualified for the name of plague. But not the dog!

I tripped over them on the stairs, in buses and on the street. Dogs watched me eat, shave and, for all I know, sleep as well. I have been compelled to waste hours watching them doing tricks. I have had to listen to doggy-talk and, on occasion, have had to indulge in this idiocy myself, for fear of being considered anti-social or, even worse, anti-dog.

Is it possible that the dog in England is about to take the same status as the cow in India? I should be glad to hear of any Anti-Dog organisation.—C. V. B., Surrey.

Baby Should Sit Up

STOPPING TO SPEAK to a young mother, I found her dealing with a fretful toddler who was sitting in his pram with his feet and legs stretched out on a pillow on the level. The mother said she had been out three hours and the baby had been in the one position all the time.

I took out the centre piece of the pram so that the baby could sit with his feet in the normal position. He was pacified immediately. Mothers do not realize that it is uncomfortable for a baby to sit for a long time in an unnatural position. I found this out while bringing up my six children.—MRS. ELIZABETH BIGGS, 24 Eton Street, London Road, Derby.

Left-handed For Life

THE REASON FOR THE INCREASE in the number of left-handed people which a reader asked about is that in schools children are not now forced to write with the right hand. Teachers realize that children who are naturally left-handed cannot change.—MISS W. J. DUPREE, 8 Cedric Street, Seedley, Salford, Lancs.

Dirty Food

DOES IT MAKE SENSE to appoint a Working Party to inquire into the menace of dirty food while there is still such a high purchase tax (33⅓ per cent) on the most essential article for keeping food clean—the refrigerator?—MRS. MOLLY CRUSE, 18 St. Matthews Road, Cotham, Bristol.

Those Few Well-chosen Words

JOHN MAY'S ARTICLE, "Madam Chairman Makes Them Talk," was most interesting. I am now a member of a Women's Institute and I know what it is to be called on to give a vote of thanks to the speaker. A tiny thing to do, but very big for the one called on to do it. How one's heart goes flap, flap!—MRS. D. E. WINDSOR, Penzance, Cornwall.

. . . Some months ago, I delivered a secretary's report to a public meeting. I thought I was pretty good. But, at home, later in the evening, my son, aged ten, said: "You said 'er' twenty-five times."—F. A. TAYLOR, Sunridge, Mottram St. Andrew, Macclesfield.

Johnny's Wife

WE ALL ENJOY the weekly doings of "Johnny," but should very much like to know the name of Johnny's wife. For some reason, we think it is Mabel.—MRS. NAN MCCLELLAND, Rathmona House, Magherafelt, Co. Derry, Ulster.

Tim writes: As a matter of fact, her name IS Mabel. And their small boy answers to Little Johnny.

John Bull welcomes readers' views, experiences and ideas for publication. A guinea is paid for every letter used. Mark the envelope "Free Speech" and make sure your full name and address is in the letter

With all my worldly goods . . .

Bless them! What *are* his worldly goods? A wireless set (1941), an old motor-cycle, a house (on mortgage). But don't lets worry—after the honeymoon he will couple his life assurance with his mortgage. So should the worst happen the house will belong to his wife. And the sooner he starts the better! Yes, the Refuge representative is going to help this couple to live happily ever after . . .

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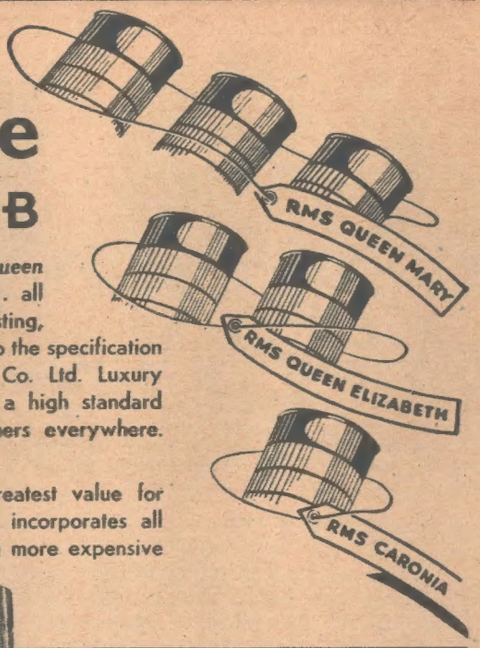
The big three listen to KB



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QUITE a difference between these two pictures! On the left, you see how Dry Scalp can ruin your hair. Takes all the life and gloss out of it. Makes it unruly. It won't stay in place. Loose dandruff shows, especially at the parting and on your coat collar.

Hey presto! What a change (*see right*), when you end Dry Scalp with 'Vaseline' Brand Hair Tonic! The hair has a natural, healthy gloss, always looks well-dressed. Dandruff disappears! A few drops of this famous tonic dressing gently massaged into your scalp soon stimulates the flow of natural oils, ends Dry Scalp. When massaging, move the whole scalp—don't just rub. Your hair will look well-dressed the whole day through.

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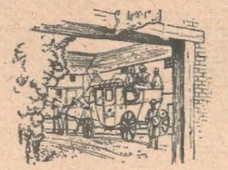

Man's happiest contrivance

A stay at an English inn is one of the chief inducements to prospective tourists now being advertised by the Travel Association in the United States, a country not notably backward in the matter of hotels. There are still to be found in our inns the comfort and civility which prompted Dr. Johnson to say: "No sir, there is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn." A tradition of good and hospitable service still lives on.

But for the brewing industry many of these inns would have vanished.

The industry has acquired them largely during the past fifty years, since the policy of public house improvement was inaugurated. It has renovated and enlarged them when necessary and let them at low rents to enterprising landlords. The industry could not conserve all the old inns: many were condemned by the authorities as redundant and others had to be rebuilt. But in hundreds some link has been maintained with the days when hospitality to travellers was a duty resting on monasteries and great households, even if this link is nothing more than a name or a place or a tradition of service.

There is surely something here of credit to those, the owners, who are preserving this feature of our national life so much appreciated by our overseas visitors.

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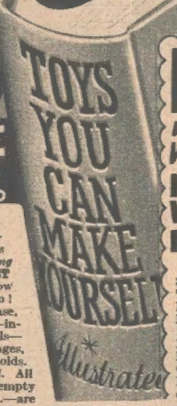

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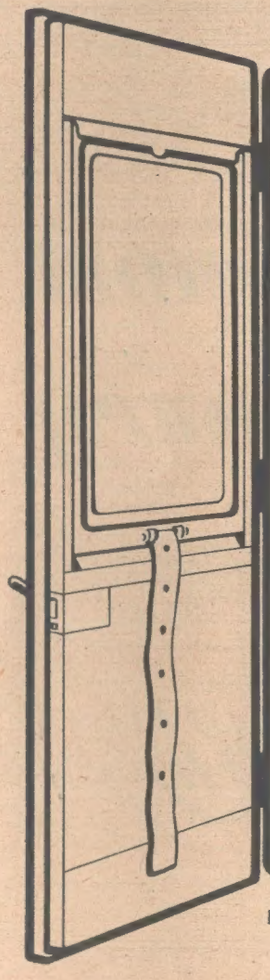

No strain by train

Is a visit from you long overdue—... somewhere? Maybe you've been putting it off because 'travelling's so difficult'. But it isn't now if you go by rail. The days of difficult train travel were a wartime legacy; they've gone. These days the permanent way is the best way of all: you can travel speedily, comfortably and enjoyably. Above all, you can relax. On many long-distance trains you can reserve a seat in advance for one shilling

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Enquire at your local station, office or agency—they will give you all the information you need

My fight against Infantile Paralysis

by MARGARET RIDOUT

A war widow with two young sons was stricken by infantile paralysis four years ago. This is her own story of how she faced it and overcame it—until now it's just a matter of getting "a little better all the time"

Mrs. Ridout back home with her sons. "They're wonderful. I leave the upstairs work to them," she says

I WAS A BAD CASE, definitely a bad case. They told me that at the hospital: both legs paralysed. Not that I could move at all, except roll my head from side to side and wave my fingers, then. That was just before Christmas, 1945, when polio first struck me.

Last year I made fifty-six pounds of jam and over fifty bottles of fruit. Now I do all the cooking and look after the garden beds, and "sit" myself upstairs once a week to go through the linen cupboard.

It sounds boastful, and I don't like to make much of it. It is just a matter of getting a bit better all the time. But as it may encourage other infantile paralysis victims and their friends and relatives, I am now telling the whole story.

I was a widow of forty when the war ended; not a very merry one, but on the other hand by no means down in the mouth. I had two lovely little boys, and a nice two-storey home at Deal, Kent, and plenty of friends.

Lost At Sea

John was six and Michael one and a half when their daddy was killed. He was one of sixty-two lost when the *Nigeria* was damaged somewhere on the Malta convoy on August 12, 1942.

We had evacuated from Deal, and lived in a little cottage at Godalming at the time. The buzz bombs knocked us about a bit, later on, but we all three came home safe and sound in May, 1945. It was lovely to be in our own home again.

John and Michael had to go four miles every morning to the village school at Ripple, as most of the Deal schools were still closed. Everything was going along nicely, though. I used to run a dry-cleaning branch in the town before the war, and I soon began to pick up with old friends and acquaintances.

I played badminton and a little tennis, and went to dances, and began to get the garden in shape, front and back. I've always had a lot of energy and pretty high spirits. I was a bit lonely, I suppose, but not miserable.

Sudden Headache

During October that year I went to a dance, and took the boys for a weekend to some friends at Tankerton, and felt very well, until one day I was picking Bramley apples in the back garden and a thundering headache came on. I thought it was 'flu.

I had been doing a lot of gardening, and the ground was not too dry, and I had been wearing sandals. I kept thinking I must get some thicker shoes and warmer underwear. But this awful headache kept on.

Then, after three days of it, I got out of bed in the middle of the night and the most awful shudder went through me, and I was out on the floor, rigid. I can't forget the wail I let out, quite involuntarily, as I went down. John came running from his bed — he was nine then — and did exactly what I told him to and got me back into bed by himself. In the morning he went for neighbours, who called the doctor.

I had no idea what had hit me in the night. Young Michael was actually sharing my bed, and John was in close contact all through that first stage when the disease might be thought to be contagious.

The doctor was not sure at this stage either. Polio is very hard to diagnose.

All through those first days I felt waves fluttering up from my feet, right up my back to my neck, and then starting all over again.

I managed to write a letter to my sister, and she came with her two children—so that was four children in the house who never caught it.

Soon the doctor called in a colleague for his opinion, and twenty minutes after that I was in hospital. The ambulance was at the door before I had time to get ready.

I had never been in hospital before, and I remember how resentful I felt when they left me flat on my back without a pillow and put a dish of food on my chest. (Of course, it was all for my good, but it was hard to realize it at the time.)

I had no treatment but keeping warm at that stage, and still did not know what was wrong with me. A week later I was moved to the Kent and Canterbury hospital at Canterbury. The chief thing I remember about first getting there is the wonderful warmth of the bed. They must have had some special way of heating it.

Pined For Activity

I soon got a pillow but I think I was pretty dopey for a long time. Right from the start, though, I desperately wanted to do things all the time. Though I was flat I could move my fingers, and I got the occupational therapist who came round the wards to give me needle and cotton and little pieces of felt.

I wanted to make a little pair of shoes to wear on my lapel, and got very mad when I couldn't manage to hold the felt firmly. However, I made lots before I ever sat up.

There were five other patients in my part of the ward—not suffering from polio, but, of course, we all used to encourage each other. I shall never forget the first time I managed to put my drinking cup down on my bedside table without help. I slid my arms sideways with it in both hands, and everybody cheered when I got it down!

I must have been dazed a good deal of the time, for I got a shock the day I suddenly realized my father was sitting beside the bed, holding my hand. It must have been some time about then, too, that I realized the sister was bending over me telling me I'd walk again.

Walk again? Of course I'll walk again, I thought. In my semi-stupor I felt she was being rather stupid ever to have assumed anything else. But it was then that I first knew I had infantile paralysis.

It never occurred to me that movement might not come back eventually. The physiotherapist told me to ask

for a block to press my left foot against, and it began to help immediately.

My right leg was in a splint, because it was twisted right out from the knee. It is still in a caliper, but it hasn't wasted much.

Soon after Christmas, 1945, they began to take me down to the physiotherapy department at the hospital. I got massage to start with and then they would push the bed under a mass of springs and pulleys and hook up my feet, so that my legs were exercised pulling against the pulleys.

At first this was two or three times a week; then every day. I started twiddling my left foot long before anything happened to the right leg.

The only real pain was from two sores that developed, one on each heel, because for a long time I could not move my feet in the bed. The nurses made little pads for them, but still they didn't heal. If ever I let myself get a bit depressed, they were what hurt.

Besides the massage and pulley exercise, I soon had a mild electric treatment on the thighs called galvanism, and later faradism, a much more vibrant one. They did me lots of good.

I had been in that hospital bed three months, gradually pulling myself a little higher from the flat position, when suddenly one day I cried: "Look, look, look!" to the girls in the other beds.

I was pulling myself up. I knew I was going to make it this time. I sat right up, and then flopped back on the pillows.

Slow But Sure Progress

There is one thing about this complaint: once you have regained a movement you never seem to go back. I did relapse the slightest bit, sometimes, but only because I had overtired myself. I never completely lost a movement.

All this time I had been gradually making bigger and better toys—little rabbits with carrots between their paws and goodness knows what; I liked to make something I could get done in a day. And I was reading more without getting a headache.

As soon as I sat up, I started weaving. The therapist brought me a little hand loom. That was very good for my hands, of course, with the broad arm movement needed.

It was just about this time, after I had been in hospital three months, that I saw the boys for the first time since the ambulance took me away from the house.

Michael—he was not yet six—sat on the bed gazing at me and saying over and over again: "Oh, Mummy, you are lovely. Oh, you are lovely."

Always after that I could get down to the canteen in my chair to see them. The husband of a friend of mine was wonderful; he brought them over from Deal (where my sister was looking after them in our house) every Sunday.

Now that I could sit up they started sitting me out on the side of the bed, and I was measured for calipers. I was measured for two, one for each leg. My left leg progressed so well, though, that I never wore one on it. At first I had a very ordinary little wheel chair, but soon a lovely new American one arrived and I was the first to use it.

Of course, I got very interested in polio and people who had it, and thought a lot about President Roosevelt. I could understand his wanting to do all that he did, because that is how you do feel.

Once I could move about in the chair, life became full of interest, and I am certain that speeded the return of movement to me. A nurse used to take me over the road to an occupational physiotherapy department every day and there patients could get to know each other and compare progress.

There was one out-patient, a lovely old coster type, who used to bring me little baskets of fruit. One day he brought me two beautiful arum lilies and said: "These reminded me of you." I never did work out exactly what he meant!

I was getting a terrific appetite by this time, and always stopped for some lunch in the canteen.

About June I started walking with crutches. I got my caliper, and it felt like a ton weight at first.

"I can't even lift my foot, much less walk with it," I thought. But I walked round the ward every evening and soon got used to it.

Wanted To Get Home

A very restless feeling came with that. I began to feel browned off with hospital life, for all their kindness. I felt I ought to be home, and someone else could do with my bed.

Then one very exciting day the doctor came into our part of the ward with a grin all over his face. I knew instinctively what he was going to say when he got to my bed, and he did.

"Would you like to go home?"

I got home in time for tea a day or two later. The boys were mad with joy. And I had such a wonderful feeling that I had really got somewhere. I started next day finding jobs to do.

My sister stayed with the family for some months, and carried me into the garden whenever it was fine. The W.V.S. car service took me in to Canterbury for treatment and occupational therapy, weekly at first and then less frequently. Blizzards and all, they never let me down.

Sleep Downstairs

I did my own washing and ironing —anything I could sitting down. I started sleeping upstairs at first, but it quickly became obvious that it would be better to sleep downstairs. So for two and a half years now I have slept on a divan in the dining-room at the back.

My sister had gone by Christmas, '46. Since then, I have had a succession of helpers. The girl who comes three times a week is very nice.

Apart from that, I have to leave the upstairs to the boys, except for my weekly trip up to the linen cupboard. That is why, although I should be sad at leaving this house with its associations, I feel we should be better off in a bungalow.

The boys are wonderfully good, but of course they are lively. Every now and then they do a bed-springing act. Then I stand at the bottom of the stairs and bang my stick, making as much racket as I can till they come down to see what's up.

After that we get along all right for another week.

It is not so much coping with the house and family as coping with the money that is the big worry. I have been thinking a lot about people in my sort of position, since this happened to me, and I do think there ought to be some sort of pension for adults with dependants who are rendered helpless by disease or accident.

I believe there is such an allowance for tuberculosis victims, but there must be thousands of others in the same boat. I imagine my financial situation is pretty typical.

I get £3 a week pension, the allowance for a 1st class bandmaster's widow, five shillings a week for Michael, and that is all.

The National Health Insurance plan has been a great help. I used to have a doctor's bill and had to pay a small sum to hire a chair from the St. John people. Now I have no medical expenses and the health service has lent me a fine chair for as long as I need it.

But my weekly expenses are always more than the money coming in. I keep a note of every penny, and the totals for the past few weeks read "£4 12s. 1½d., £4 1s. 5d., £5 0s. 2d., £5 18s. 5d., £3 11s. 10d., £5 7s. 1d.," and then £7 17s. 4d. That week I had to get shorts and shirts for both boys, and pay their train fare for a week's holiday they had with friends.

All this excludes rates or payments on the house. I had a £60 endowment out last Christmas, and it is gone. I just keep digging into capital, the few hundred pounds I had when my husband died. It was saved in shillings and I hate to see it going in pounds.

Still, money shortage is a common enough problem nowadays, anyway. The main thing is that my strength is coming back all the time. I knit, mend, paint and read, and am never bored. I can deal with tradesmen, and, from my chair, wave at neighbours passing by. Sometimes they pop in and help in the house.

I go to quite a lot of parties, and last year many friends and relatives, even just acquaintances, rallied round so that I had a really ambitious trip to my brother's wedding in Mitcham.

Ventured To The Top

Funny things happen, too. The boys and I went over to Sandown a lot through the summer. I got along in my chair and they walked. When we get there they'd go and play on the sand dunes, and one day I thought I would see if I could stagger up on my crutches to see the view over the hills.

I made it all right, and it was only when I got right back to my chair that I realized I couldn't get into it alone.

A little boy was coming along with his mother, and before I had thought what I was saying, I asked him: "Hey, sonny, would you mind lifting my left leg?" He looked amazed, and so did his mother for a moment! But he did it all right.

Then, the other day, I was sitting in the railway waiting-room seeing the boys off to Guildford when a young man who came in gave me a very long look.

"I know you," he said.

I thought a minute.

"Of course, you made my caliper!"

"You're Mrs. Ridout, aren't you?" he asked. That really was amazing—out of all the people he has made fittings for.

All told, life goes along smoothly. I had a bad do when I first got home, and slipped with my head down the toilet. But you always see the funny side. While I was still stuck there I could see the headlines: "Infantile Paralysis Victim Found Dead With Head Stuck."

But nothing like that has happened lately. I washed some of my own blankets this year. I couldn't do that a year ago. You *do* get a little better all the time.

NIPPING POLIO IN THE BUD

by HARVEY GRAHAM, M.D.

MARGARET RIDOUT'S STORY of how she fought infantile paralysis raises an important medical point.

Apparently she carried on as energetically as usual with such jobs as gardening for three days after her headaches started—and the extent of paralysis often depends on how active one is during the early stages of infection.

Anyone who goes to bed when the first symptoms come on will probably have no paralysis at all. Anyone who continues normal work will suffer some paralysis. Anyone who carries on with heavy work or physical exercise will be badly paralysed—for the virus of poliomyelitis has most effect on over-tired muscles.

What are the polio symptoms? Both in children and adults they include fever, sickness, dizziness, unsteady eyes, stiffness of the neck or spine, and pains in the head, neck, back or limbs.

Poliomyelitis is rarely fatal nowadays and there are many more mild attacks than bad cases of it.

Mrs. Ridout's story certainly draws attention to one thing: patient nursing and prolonged physiotherapy will work wonders in even the worst cases of infantile paralysis—but only if the patient helps.

Even more important than physiotherapy is the patient's determination to fight for recovery. It may be a long and arduous fight but, as Margaret Ridout shows, it can be won.

Coward, the gay historian

by DENNIS HOLMAN

Box office and not Art was his goal. Yet, writing at breakneck speed, he caught the authentic mood of the raucous twenties, the disillusioned thirties. Here is the second of two articles on Noel Coward

Coward and Marlene Dietrich have place of honour at theatrical party

OF ALL NOEL COWARD'S stage emotions, perhaps sentiment has been the most readily saleable at the highest cash value. Since *Bitter Sweet* he has scarcely been without it, allowing it occasionally to melt into pure slush.

Remember a song called "Let's Say Goodbye"? Suddenly the singing stops and these words are spoken against the background of the melody:

"Listen, my dear, we're both of us going to suffer within the next few years, but when we do meet again, somewhere far away in the future, it will be gay and sweet and terribly exciting. Because no matter how many others we may have loved, and no matter how old and tired we may have grown, we'll still have between us a perfect memory."

It is hard to detect the big heart on Coward's immaculate sleeve. But friends say the façade hides a delicate tenderness, a gentleness with little people, and an acute feeling for the unhappiness of others. They also say he never forgets a face.

Norman Hackforth, the "Mystery Voice" in *Twenty Questions*, who toured India with Coward as his accompanist during the war, tells of Coward visiting hospitals and, in Coward's own words, "going from bed to bed with a casual, gay, intimate word of cheer that those poor boys could mention in their dear letters home."

Fight Against His Stomach

From a remark in his *Middle East Diary* that the burnt cases looked horrible and the smell of burnt flesh was overpowering, the fastidious Coward must have had a hard fight against his stomach. At any rate he liked to go about this corporal work of mercy alone, but at one particular hospital a reception committee met him, and his visit began like an inspection, with the C.O. of the hospital, the matron and other members of the hospital staff following impressively behind.

Without any warning, Coward gave the procession the slip, and the rest of the visit consisted of his hurrying from ward to ward, leaving a few "casual, gay, intimate words of cheer," and dashing out again as soon as he heard the C.O.'s entourage about to catch up with him.

This hide and seek went on for quite some time, until Coward dashed into a ward, stopped suddenly at the first bed and, with the support of his prodigious memory for faces, said to the young soldier lying on his back: "I know you. We've met before. Where was it?"

"In this ward, about ten minutes ago," the soldier replied.

When the Nazi Black List was published and Noel Coward was seen to have an immortal place in it, another list mate, Rebecca West, cabled him: "My dear, the people we would have been seen dead with."

There is no need to wonder about the Nazis' reasons. By the second World War, Coward, at the age of thirty-nine, had built himself a pretty secure international reputation.

His revues had been continuous and successful. The edge had never worn off his wit, and his plays, *Conversation Piece, Point Valaine, Design for Living, Present Laughter, This Happy Breed*, possessed more body, sounder characterization, and a polished technique.

Hollywood had filmed some of the greater box office successes. For *Design for Living* he had been paid a fantastic sum, though, as he said later, they kept only three of his original lines, one of these being, "Pass the mustard, please."

But film audiences all over the world had seen and raved over *Cavalcade* and *Bitter Sweet*. There was no doubt about Coward's influence over the English-speaking public. Lesser men than he were booked for Nazi purge.

Chose Films For Navy

When the war broke out he went to Paris. Shortly before that he had been appointed a sort of film adviser to the Navy after cinema equipment had been installed in warships; but much fun was made of this Pooh Bah-ish portfolio when it was obvious that any suburban cinema manager could have more accurately forecast for the Admiralty the sort of pictures sailors liked to see.

"But I had a heavenly time on the assignment," Coward says. He went from ship to ship asking about films, making lists and shaking hands; one day he shook 1,400 hands.

Questions were asked in Parliament about some of his wartime activities. There was talk about his wearing naval uniform in Paris with an entourage of aides—when the war had first broken out he had flown to Paris "on important propaganda work," and Lord Strathallan had followed by boat with the baggage.

There had been indignant outbursts about his travelling as a V.I.P. just when and where he liked, at Government expense, in special planes, special trains, even destroyers, and accompanied by an intimate personal staff, when other distinguished playwrights stayed at home, as Priestley said, coping with the blackout.

But Coward talked his way out of that. Without any previous experience of the screen, but faced with the job of making a film worthy of the Navy, he cut out all the extravagance of the film world, got the right technicians, employed theatre players who understood acting, and made one of the most distinguished films of the war. This was *In Which We Serve*.

Call From Mountbatten

In 1943 he toured the Mediterranean Command, the Middle East, Iraq and Persia, and South Africa, where Norman Hackforth joined him as accompanist. They gave eight concerts in the Union at the invitation of Field Marshal Smuts, raising £22,000 for charity.

In Rhodesia Coward received a message from Mountbatten asking him to tour India. So they went to Mombasa, where he boarded a destroyer for Colombo, and Hackforth flew to Cairo and on to Calcutta, there to await the maestro's arrival.

"We flew from concert to concert,"

John Bull colour photograph by William Kemp

Coward at piano in his flat. Unable to read or write music, he picks out tune, then plays it to arranger

Norman Hackforth recalls, "with a Broadwood upright we called the Little Treasure that we crated and took everywhere. The company included two sour-faced orderlies Noel called Ball of Fire and Spirit of Jazz, and an escorting officer, an Indian Army major, who later became the model of Noel's famous song, 'I Wonder what Happened to Him.'"

All they ever asked for on the spot were a couple of tank transporter trailers for a stage, and a six-volt battery for the microphone.

"Once in Chittagong," Hackforth continues, "Noel couldn't get a battery out of the Army, and, extremely annoyed, he stamped out of the welfare officer's billet with, 'Don't worry. I'll go to the Navy!' That night we were falling over six-volt batteries."

The Coward show lasted an hour and fifteen minutes. Coward recited and sang, and Hackforth played. In Imphal, where supplies, beer and cigarettes had been cut off for longer than was good for morale, they flew in over the Jap lines and delivered "Mad Dogs and Englishmen," "Don't Let's be Beastly to the Hun," snatches from the Coward shows, with a spot of Chopin and Léhar.

Hackforth, who lived pretty close to Coward during those weeks, and has known and worked with him several times since, gives a detailed picture of how the great entertainer works.

"The most impressive thing about Noel," he says, "is his absolute efficiency. Wherever we were, he insisted that the show should be a tip-top first-class production. We changed the repertoire as we went along, composing in the air."

Tunes By Telephone

Coward cannot read or write a note of music. Once he took theory lessons, but gave up when he found that black dots had the effect of drying up his inspiration. When he gets an idea he dictates it on the piano or hums it to an arranger, who takes it down as best he can and produces a score. Years ago Coward used to dictate to Elsie April, often by telephone at rare hours of the night when inspiration came suddenly.

Comic songs, says Hackforth, come the hardest. Together he and Coward worked at these on the long hops, first writing the verse with the help of a rhyming dictionary, then racking themselves to fit a melody to it.

But great inspiration has come to Coward in the oddest places, in his bath, in bed. "I'll See You Again" was delivered to him whole and complete in a taxi in a Strand traffic block.

Plays are quite a different matter. "First I get the idea," Coward tells. "Then I go about madly enthusiastic over it for days and days. Then I forget about it entirely."

"When we come to write it, Noel has the whole thing worked out in his head," explains Len Cole, his gentleman's gentleman. "We go away together to White Cliffs, our place in St. Margaret's Bay, near Dover.

"There we rise at seven, breakfast, and work *without interruption* till lunch at one. Back to the grindstone at two, with plenty of cigarettes, till six.

"Then we break for tea, a shave, a bath, and maybe the pictures in Dover. Or we might, quite conceivably, pass a pleasant evening at home listening to the radio or playing records of the lighter classical vein. And so to bed—early—until at last another masterpiece is complete."

At that rate they hardly ever take more than a week to complete a play. *Private Lives* was written in four days, *Blithe Spirit* in five days, says Coward, straight off on a typewriter, with his experience of script providing a pretty tight estimate of just how long the dialogue and "business" will take to act.

His wit flows quickly. Once the typewriter stuck during the creation of *Blithe Spirit*. As a result, Coward feels, two pages of the play have never been right. Nevertheless, it ran four and a half years to packed houses in the West End, and it should have continued another six months to create a London record, if they had not had to give up the theatre.

Works Till He Drops

Hackforth maintains that Coward has great powers of concentration. "Noel," he says, "can keep going until he drops—literally."

The Coward mechanism has been known to fail often and in odd ways. A play here and there has been known to come off because Coward has collapsed or lost his voice.

In Paris, after rehearsing *Present Laughter* intensely for weeks in French, he lost his voice and an understudy had to take over. But nervous breakdowns cause most of the stoppages.

After the Indian tour, Hackforth describes how one of these occurred just before they were about to appear at a concert in Kandy, Ceylon.

"We had been hitting it pretty hard for two months—visited thirty-one places, averaging a couple or three concerts in each place. Noel looked pretty done up.

"It happened suddenly. He burst into tears and went absolutely limp. And that was that. Mountbatten sent for the body, and in a few days Noel was fine again, sparking on all four."

Coward toured again in France after the liberation. The same year he made *This Happy Breed*.

Brief Encounter, his prizewinning film, followed in 1945. It was, perhaps, Coward's greatest artistic achievement—mature and practically flawless. David Lean, who worked with Coward on the three films, has this to say of the association:

"What struck me most about Noel Coward is his complete professionalism and his intolerance of stupidity and inefficiency."

A mouth-organ player arrived to work on the sound track of *In Which We Serve*. "Look at it," Coward said, pointing, "the eager look of the inefficient."

Sarcasm And The Actress

One actress was being temperamental. She could not remember her part, and, goaded by Coward's biting sarcasm, she screamed loud enough for everyone to hear: "You brute! What can I throw at you?"

"Just my lines, my dear," Coward said.

Lean goes on: "Half of what I know about directing, and all I know about handling people, I learned from Noel. Few men can get so much from players, even indifferent ones."

Of Celia Johnson, now starring in *The Astonished Heart*, Coward once said: "The only thing that prevents Celia from becoming the greatest actress of her time is her monotonous habit of having babies."

He is always generous with his

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SHIPS THAT PASS . . .

by LAURENCE KIRK

ILLUSTRATED BY BEN HUR BAZ

It struck Claire at once, the remarkable resemblance she bore to this strange girl. It had struck her husband, too

THE GRAND HOTEL at Khartoum faces south across the Blue Nile a mile or two above the point where it joins the White Nile at Omdurman. It is a two-storeyed building with porticos and arches, and inside, big electric fans revolve slowly under the ceilings of the lofty rooms.

All day long on the terrace outside, the traders from Omdurman squat patiently with their wares exposed. At nightfall the round globes on the terrace are lighted up and shine brightly in the gathering darkness. That is the pleasantest hour there and cars keep arriving along the shady avenue. Out of them come men and women, some still in shorts and some in full evening dress; they find a table on the terrace and soon they are having iced drinks.

These are the residents of Khartoum who have been working there in hot offices all the day. But about the same time there is another influx of a more transient population. All the great airlines of the world seem to crisscross at Khartoum. Skymasters from London meet Skymasters from Johannesburg, and Dakotas come from all over the place. So in the evening, buses keep arriving from the airport.

The travellers are tired, but once they have been allotted a bed and had some food they feel a little less jaded; and they, too, come on to the terrace for a long, cool drink. And the residents look at them curiously, wondering why they are all rushing about in such a hurry: Khartoum tonight, heaven knows where tomorrow morning. For not only is there the mixture of nationalities, but a mixture of all types in each nationality. Some are running away from something and some are running away with someone. Crooks and smugglers and honest people are all mixed up together.

CLAIRE had arrived in a Skymaster from Johannesburg and was scheduled to leave for Athens and London at five thirty the next morning. They had been flying since two in the morning with one stop at Kisumu, and she was very tired. She was secretary to Sir Patrick Beeswing, and so she had gone and fought in the crowd at the reception office, explaining that Sir Patrick was far too important a man to share a room with anyone.

It had been a long, hot fight, and an unsuccessful one. The best she had been able to achieve was to get him doubled up with an earl going to Nairobi. Then she came back and collapsed into a chair near the reception office.

As often happened when the present was disagreeable, she thought not of it, but of the past which was disagreeable and distasteful in a more important way. She was still quite young, but she had been nine years younger when she had left South Africa in 1939 to join the Wrens. What a wonderful life it had been then, although she had not always known it at the time! How natural it was that she should fall in love with Hilary and he with her! And how proud she had been when she became Mrs. Lieutenant-Commander Snowden, R.N.V.R., And how happy!

It was strange how four years of such happiness could be followed by two of such discontent. He was within a year of his demobilization and they were already making plans to settle in East Africa, when her mother had fallen seriously ill in Johannesburg, and Claire had gone out to nurse her.

Hilary had agreed that she must go. But he hadn't realized that it would be nearly a year before she came back, or realized the temptations he would meet during that time. He was unfaithful to her. He told her about it when her mother had died and she did get back. And Claire could not forgive him for it. She began to watch him whenever he looked at another woman. And so they began to get on each other's nerves and to suspect and to quarrel. She packed up and went back to South Africa again.

To Claire, looking back now, it all seemed very unnecessary. Her loneliness had brought some belated wisdom to her. She realized that there were men—quite nice men, some of them—who could not live without a woman of some kind. Even though it was for the best of reasons, she *had* neglected him.

But it was no good being so wise now. She did not know where Hilary was or what he was doing. And besides, she was secretary to Sir Patrick Beeswing. What was rather worse, she had discovered only during the last few days that what Sir Patrick really wanted was not a secretary but something else. Claire did not know how she was going to escape his attentions in London.

She was roused from these meditations by a light touch on the shoulder. If madam would come this way, the room was ready.

So Claire followed the long-gowned figure and soon she was entering a room with two beds in it.

The bed to the right had a green dress on it and a green travelling bag with a zip fastener. The owner, wearing a dressing-gown, was sitting facing the mirror over the washstand doing her hair. She just said, "Hallo!" over her shoulder and went on doing her hair.

Claire went to the unoccupied bed, on which the attendant had already put her bag. She put her bag on the floor, slipped off her shoes, and lay down on the bed.

She had lain there for a minute or two when the other woman spoke to her. "You weren't on our plane, were you?"

"Which was your plane?" Claire asked.

"The Dakota from Cairo to Nairobi. We go on at five tomorrow morning. Awful hour!"

"I go on at five thirty, which is almost as bad. That's the Skymaster from Johannesburg."

"Going home then?" The woman's

Angela said: "I know I'm a no-good, but I couldn't stay with a man who's kidding himself I'm somebody else"

voice brightened. She looked envious.

"I'm not quite sure at the moment where home is."

The woman laughed, and Claire suddenly opened her eyes more widely. The other woman's voice had seemed strangely familiar while she was lying there; but it was only now that she realized why. It was exactly like her own voice. And, now that she looked carefully, she saw that the woman was astonishingly like her in other ways, too. The same blue eyes. The same hair. The same height, even, to within an inch. They might have been twins.

Claire got up and put on a dressing-gown and sat in front of the mirror. "What's your name?" she asked.

"Angela Soame," the woman answered. "I'm a cabaret artist. I was stuck in Cairo. Lucky to get out of it the way I did."

"How did you get out of it?" Claire said.

"Got engaged."

"Oh, that's exciting. Is your fiancé with you?"

"Yes, we're going to be married in Nairobi. That is, as soon as he gets his divorce from his present wife."

CLAIRE remained silent. She didn't know what to say about it. It was while she was walking past Angela's bed back to her own that she suddenly stopped dead.

It was the label on the bag that arrested her attention.

It was a green tie-on label and it had, in addition to the name Angela Soame in handwriting, the printed initials H. S. It had always been one of Hilary's fancies to have his labels printed with his initials on them.

"Would you mind telling me your fiancé's name, Miss Soame?"

"Why, certainly," Angela replied. "It's Snowden. Hilary Snowden. I think Angela Snowden will be quite a nice name."

"Very nice indeed," Claire agreed. "Perhaps you'd just have a look at the label on my bag."

Angela's carefree manner became rather less carefree as she looked at Claire's label. It was a brown label this time, like the bag and Claire's dress, but it had the same initials, H. S., on it. Claire still had a supply of them among her travelling things.

"Why, that's funny——" Angela began.

"Very funny indeed!" Claire cut her short. "But you needn't worry. I assure you that there will be no unnecessary delay at all about the divorce."

Angela sat down heavily on her bed and stared at Claire. It was at this moment that she noticed for the first time how alike Claire was to her, both in voice and appearance; and the realization seemed to upset her considerably. "So that's why he fell for me so suddenly!" she ended angrily. "It was all because I reminded him of you!"

Angela seized her handbag and dashed out of the room. Claire finished her dressing slowly. It was no surprise to her that Hilary had found another woman; neither was it any consolation that the other was almost a replica of herself.

She was spared dinner with Sir Patrick, as it happened. She was already outside in the passage when an attendant came along and gave her a note. He had had an unexpected summons to dine with the governor-general and he would not be needing her again until the following morning.

The next step was to avoid Hilary and Angela. By spying from behind a pillar she saw that they were sitting in the middle of the main dining-room, and she went herself into a small overflow room and found a seat at a large table full of the passengers of a Danish airliner.

Later, after dinner, she walked slowly

"Hadn't been working there a fortnight when the manager of the carpets asked her to be his wife"

across the terrace, down the steps, across the roadway, and stood looking down at the silent-flowing Nile. Presently, she heard a step behind her, then a voice.

"Claire!"

She forced herself to answer casually. "Hallo, Hilary. I gather you're on your way to Nairobi."

"I'm not now," Hilary replied. "I can't go on with it."

"Where did you find her?" she asked at length.

"In a night club in Cairo. I thought it was you at first. And when I found it wasn't, I was sorry for her."

"I hope you didn't tell her so."

"No, I didn't tell her so. Don't you see, Claire, that it was you that I wanted, you that I've wanted all this time?"

"What will you do in Kenya?"

"I've got a farm. I haven't seen it yet. But it's been vetted by a man who knows. You'd love it, Claire."

"I?"

"Yes. It's you I want there. I only asked Angela because she seemed so like you. And you had left me."

"Is she really so like me?"

"Not in the least."

"Then perhaps it will be a greater success than it was with us."

HE said: "I've still got our passport, Claire. Yours and mine. With our photographs on it. As you know, they keep the passports at the airport. They'll hand them back tomorrow morning—the separate ones, I mean. Then when we reach Nairobi we'll use this one. No one will know you haven't come all the way from Cairo."

"Aren't you rather forgetting Angela?"

"I'd see she's all right. Get her a passage home," Hilary explained. "It isn't as though she loved me. And she wanted to go home."

"It all sounds very simple, I admit. But aren't you also rather assuming about me? I'm travelling with a man, you know, just as you are travelling with a woman."

"What!"

"The man is Sir Patrick Beeswing. I'm his secretary. I haven't been with him long and he's spent a lot of money taking me on this trip to England."

Hilary paused a moment. "To hell with Sir Patrick Beeswing!" he said; then he put his arm around her.

"No, Hilary, no, no, no," she said. "It's not as easy as that. It's all very well to dream things here in this smooth, velvety night. But we've tried it, and it didn't work. I'm going to London."

They were going up the steps by now, on to the terrace. Claire had a sudden longing to fling herself into his arms right in front of all those people who were drinking there. She repressed it, however, and held out her hand.

"Good night, Hilary dear. I'm glad we've met again, and I hope you're happy, whatever happens."

Hilary smiled his old self-confident smile. "Good night, darling. And don't think you've seen the last of me yet."

It was after eleven when Claire went back to her room. Angela was in bed, curled up in a feline ball.

Claire undressed by the light of the bedside lamp so as not to disturb her. When she was in bed with the light out she knew she was not going to sleep a wink. It was outrageous of Hilary to think that he could switch from her to Angela and from Angela to her just as though he had tickets for the theatre and did not like to go alone.

But she must have slept for a time, for the next thing she knew was a touch on her arm and a whisper in her ear.

"Mrs. Snowden, please! Claire!" Angela said.

"Yes, what is it?"

"We must talk. Time's so short. It's past one already, and the planes will be leaving at five and five thirty."

"I don't see that there's anything to talk about," she said.

"There's this," Angela answered harshly. "I'm a no-good and you've probably guessed that. But I'm not so bad that I'll stay with a man who's kidding himself all the time that I'm somebody else."

"So you're not going to Nairobi?"

"No."

"What are you going to do, then?"

"That's just it. I've only got a few pounds. Couldn't you let me take your place as far as London? I've been a stand-in in the films once. And I did take a course in shorthand and typing. I wanted to go to London from Cairo, but I didn't have the fare. It was only because I was desperate that I agreed to go with Hilary."

Claire suddenly found herself giggling. She was thinking not of herself, or of Angela, or of Hilary. She was thinking of Sir Patrick. After his initial overtures had been repulsed, a secretary was just a piece of office furniture to him. He would never realize as long as she looked the same.

"Let's see how you look in my dress," she said suddenly.

Angela put it on and rearranged her hair, and Claire found that she might have been looking at herself in a mirror.

She began to smile.

That same morning, only two hours later, the terrace was filled with bleary-eyed people, all afraid that they might miss the bus to the airport. Hilary Snowden was there, looking very unhappy, and when he saw the green dress he came straight forward.

"I'm sorry, Angela," he began breathlessly. "But I can't——"

"Can't you, dear?" Claire said quietly.

He took another look. "Darling! But what about Angela?"

"She's taken a job as secretary to Sir Patrick Beeswing."

Half an hour later on the same terrace, Angela, in Claire's brown dress, went up to the smooth, portly man who had been pointed out to her as Sir Patrick.

"Good morning, Sir Patrick. A nice morning."

"Morning, Claire. Had a good rest?"

"Very good, thank you, Sir Patrick," Angela replied.

"Got the Wentworth report handy in your case?"

"Yes, sir."

"Right. Then let's get going. Suppose we'll have the usual damned delay at the airport."

SIR PATRICK was a little puzzled over his secretary. When he had engaged her in Johannesburg, he had assessed her as a first-class stenographer even if her manner was a little cold. He had hoped to get over that coldness in time; and he did. It was distressing, nevertheless, that in addition to certain traces of amnesia, which he attributed to the excitement of the journey, her shorthand should have turned out in the end to be even barely adequate.

However, she was an excellent receptionist and satisfactory in other ways; so he kept her on, and really now would be quite lost without her.

Hilary and Claire, too, found themselves again, on the farm in Kenya and were as happy as they had been during the war.

As for the moral of the story—if there is one—it seems to be that those people who insist on issuing passports to us, and stamping and endorsing them and stamping them again, do not really control our movements any more than they do our emotions, and might usefully go and employ themselves on something more profitable.

AMERICA HAS ATOMIC JITTERS

Genuine fear of losing the bomb secret started a spy panic. But there's also a phoney scare on. It's part of a backstairs battle to decide who should run the show

by EDMUND ANTROBUS

WASHINGTON

NEVER CALM IN the face of drama or quasi-drama, the United States reacted to the scare about the loss of its atomic secrets in a manner which approached the panic following Orson Welles's famous broadcast about an invasion from Mars.

Under such headlines as "Reds May Get Bomb Secret," newspaper stories reported that one ounce of uranium-235, the material from which atomic bombs are made, had been lost or stolen from a Chicago laboratory.

"This is considered to be the greatest threat to national security ever to be discovered in peacetime," declared the New York *Daily News*. But far more shocking, in that it struck at the very core of U.S. stability, was the statement: "Counter - intelligence agents have positive proof that the Atomic Energy Commission's programme is shot through with Communists and persons whose best friends are Reds."

The entire Hearst Press reacted by calling for the removal from office of David Lilienthal, head man on the Atomic Energy Commission. Hearst said that Lilienthal's actions "bordered on treason." This was enough to launch a full-dress Congressional investigation of Lilienthal and the entire atomic energy programme.

Protests Were Drowned

There had been nothing like it since the sensational Congressional inquiry into Communism in Hollywood. The awful disclosure was made during the investigation that America's principle weapon, the atomic bomb, was under "incredible mismanagement." The story of the missing uranium-235 drowned protests of reason from the witness stand.

Was the U.S. Government—a stranger might have been excused for asking—on the point of collapse? Its ability to handle one of its gravest responsibilities had certainly been challenged. A close view, however, revealed no crack-up—only crack-pots making exaggerated charges and getting more public credence for them than they deserved.

The story of the missing uranium-235 collapsed at the end of nine days and suspicion of espionage was flatly disproved. The fissionable material had *not* found its way to Russia. It had been accidentally shipped to an atomic plant at Oak Ridge, Tennessee. Someone had carelessly poured the uranium-235 into the wrong container. Of the one ounce involved, about seven-eighths was recovered.

David Lilienthal had been charged with lack of discretion in granting 3,280 employees immunity from security measures and with having a large turnover in personnel. These complaints, too, proved trivial.

When the film and television cameras and all the other props which had broadcast this "scandal" to the world had rolled away, the nation was plunged into embarrassed silence.

The most heated critic of the hullabaloo, Walter Lippmann, of the New York *Herald Tribune*, asked how government could be conducted efficiently in this kind of uproar.

He wrote: "Men cannot make the grave decisions of policy and administration which have to be made if at any hour of the day or night they have to stop thinking, stop planning, stop working in order to deny some new allegation, or to interrupt the public business to collect documents, memoranda, briefs, in order to prove their innocence to some senator who has already convicted them."

Witchhunt Victims

If this scare was artificially created, why had it made the headlines to such a degree? The jittery state of mind which has plagued America since the end of the war is partly the answer.

The atomic spy scare of 1949 is the outgrowth of the anti-Communist hysteria which has created chaos in liberal and progressive camps for the past three years—ruining reputations and careers. As applied to the scientists and administrators of the atomic energy programme this hysteria is intensified through Lilienthal being on the liberal side.

During his term of office he has tried to emphasize the constructive, humane potentialities of atomic energy. A man solely dedicated to the military rôle of the atom might not have been so vulnerable to cheap smears from the Right.

Lilienthal is the victim of two forces. One is the postwar anti-Communist hysteria; the other is a group which would like to wrest control of atomic activity away from the Government.

In 1947, Congress, realizing atomic energy's industrial as well as military possibilities, wisely took the programme out of the hands of the Army and gave it to a commission of five civilians. For two years certain groups in the armed forces have sought to regain partial control, arguing that Lilienthal's emphasis on civilian aspects of atomic energy might jeopardize military security.

Sympathetic to this point of view, most newspapers have jazzed up the issue to the point where Lilienthal

David Lilienthal listens to the case against his Atomic Commission. He knows many are now gunning for him

Batteries of cameras look down on a Congressional atomic inquiry. Scenes like this condition the American mind to the sensational side of atom development

appears as "soft" towards Communism. By this, conservative newspapers don't mean Lilienthal is a Communist; they imply that his liberalism has led to lax security, which has enabled Communists or fellow-travellers to infiltrate into the Government for the purpose of stealing military and scientific secrets.

Among Lilienthal's political enemies are some private power companies. They are not out to get control of atomic energy, but they employ lobbyists in Washington to oppose Lilienthal because they fear what would happen to their interests if and when power for general use is produced from atomic energy. Their attitude dates from when Lilienthal was head of the Tennessee Valley Authority, the Government-owned power plant which competes with private enterprise in supplying electricity to the Tennessee Valley.

Friend Into Enemy

In June we saw how one man could gather together these anti-Lilienthal forces and launch them in bitter attack. This man, Senator Bourke Hickenlooper, of Iowa, big, round-faced, was actually a friend of Lilienthal's a year ago and had voted for his reappointment. His turn-about was sudden and vindictive, but it stemmed from a human trait.

Hickenlooper serves on the Joint Congressional Committee which was set up in 1947 to act as a "watchdog" over Lilienthal's organization. Hickenlooper soon proved himself the most conscientious member, learning far more than his colleagues about atomic energy. Lilienthal was often high-handed about taking his advice and may have talked down to him on many occasions. Hickenlooper found himself becoming a backseat driver and, like most people who consider themselves experts, the position didn't suit him. He got furious. Hence one reason for the investigation.

Senator Hickenlooper, the military who seek control of the atom, and other assorted enemies of Lilienthal are not a particularly sinister group. But the air, super-charged with anti-Communist hysteria, into which they threw their trivial charges is sinister. However petty really, accusations are enlarged and exaggerated.

The Lone Communist

Great capital, for instance, was made of the fact that one of the 60,000 Americans working for the Atomic Energy Commission happened to be a member of the Communist Party. His work was in the field of general relativity and had no strategic significance. Nevertheless, his employment on the Commission was used by newspapers to justify allegations that the whole Commission was shot through with Communists.

The drive against "subversive" ideas which has encircled the film industry, the universities and now the atomic energy programme, has no clear-cut idea of what it is trying to do. Always aimed at subversives of the Left, and never at subversives of the Right who encourage racial hatred, the drive, although projected in the name of anti-Communism, often seems directed against progressives and liberals.

A member of the Un-American Activities Committee showed his true hand when he remarked that an investigation was aimed at "the New Deal in various shades of Communism."

Though they remain unproved, charges and complaints against Lilienthal are likely to be repeated when he comes up for reappointment next year and may be strong enough to force him out of office.

To secure his full vindication, his friends have urged that the area of secrecy surrounding the atom be drastically reduced. They know it is only by partly raising the curtain that he can show his critics what he has achieved. The real answer, of course, would be to reveal how many atomic bombs exist, but the Government would never allow this.

There is, however, reason to believe that secrecy will be lifted to the extent of showing what progress has been made in the production of atomic energy for non-military work and in biology and medicine.

On the military side, in the absence of hard statistics, evidence is mounting that bomb production is good—it was in a decline when Lilienthal took over from the Army in 1947.

The average American, under the pressure of the cold war, thinks of atomic energy only in terms of warfare. The national mind is not yet conditioned to its peaceful potentialities.

It is all the more fortunate, therefore, that at the moment the atom bomb is not in the hands of hotheads who talk loosely of reprisals which might plunge the United States and the world into disaster.

The missing uranium jar is produced. An embarrassed silence followed

The Puzzling Piddingtons

That's the way they want to stay. If others get hot under the collar discussing "genuine telepathy" and suchlike—well, it's not the Piddingtons' business

by IAN BEVAN

The Piddingtons' own conversation almost goes without saying!

PEOPLE WHO LIKE writing angry letters to the Press, people who like arguing in pubs, people who like to tell you "how it's done"—they've all had a field day since the arrival some months ago of the two young Australians, Sydney Piddington and his wife Lesley.

When Sydney walked into the offices around Shaftesbury Avenue and said he wanted bookings for "a demonstration of thought transference," the agents chewed their cigars and shook their heads.

So the Piddingtons, who are not without courage, set up house in a cheap little furnished room, and determined to lay siege to the B.B.C. for as long as their savings would allow.

Booked by the B.B.C. as a "fill-in" summer show, within three weeks of their first broadcast on July 7 they had climbed to top rating with an estimated twenty million listeners.

Now they're booked months ahead, and American agents have asked them to name their price. The Piddingtons are set for years to come, and the little beach cottage they were dreaming about in Australia need remain a dream no longer.

All For Controversy

Are they genuine telepathists? Or are they conjurers using tricks to mystify the public? The longer people keep debating that question the better the Piddingtons will be pleased, for without controversy they would lose much of their appeal.

Sydney learned this very early in his experiments with telepathy when he was a prisoner-of-war in Malaya. He and a friend, Russell Braddon, worked on thought transference tests and intrigued thousands of fellow prisoners with their demonstrations.

Then a group of army doctors tested them scientifically. Hour after hour, Piddington and Braddon went through the colour and diagram tests which Lesley and Sydney have since done on the air, and the doctors finally gave their verdict: no evidence of trickery, and accuracy very much higher than could be explained by chance.

What happened? Piddington and Braddon thought that interest in their work would be greater. The reverse proved true.

The p.o.w.s had enjoyed being puzzled. While they still had their doubts, it was fun trying to decide whether or not they were being fooled. But if it were genuine, why make a fuss about it?

The Piddingtons are doing very little that has not been proved by scientists to lie at least within the bounds of possibility.

Their presentation is frankly dramatized, but basically what they are demonstrating has been endorsed by scientists as conceivably the exploitation of unappreciated faculties which may lie within us all. Although quite a lot is known about thought transference—or extra-sensory perception (E.S.P.), as research workers prefer to call it—it has, like many scientific facts, yet to be generally accepted by the public.

Mental Backchat

Lesley and Sydney tell their friends quite seriously that they do not want to improve their thought reading any more for fear of getting into the habit of mental backchat in their married life. (Incidentally, even their closest friends and business associates have never heard them say anything which would indicate that their demonstrations are *not* genuine.)

Already, says Lesley, she knows more about Sydney than any woman should know about her husband. When Russell Braddon, who is now their personal manager, comes into the room, she is likely to pick up his thoughts as well. She protests: "This is like having two husbands, only worse."

Conversation with the three of them can be an exhausting business for the uninitiated. They seldom bother to finish sentences in talking to each other, and the bewildered fourth person finds himself desperately out of depth.

One theatrical manager claims he was smart enough to recognize the Piddingtons for what they were worth from their first broadcast.

"They looked like two nice kids from Australia," he said, "and I thought maybe they'd be happy with a modest offer. Well, first thing, before I'd even named a figure, Piddington said: 'That's not enough,' and the girl chipped in with: 'It wouldn't even cover my housekeeping.'"

The story is probably apocryphal, for most managers are busy finding excuses to explain why they let the Piddingtons slip through their fingers, but there is no doubt that Lesley and Sydney can be highly disconcerting people to do business with.

On a personal plane they are just about as pleasant as it would be possible for two people to be. Sydney, who is thirty-one and a qualified accountant, has always been shy and suffered since childhood from a slight stammer which many listeners have suggested is a code by which he communicates with Lesley.

Partly to fight his shyness, Sydney took up conjuring as a boyish hobby, but it didn't last.

Sydney was a sergeant in the Australian Army when he was captured by the Japanese at Singapore.

In Changi camp he was one of the small group which operated a secret radio receiver. Another member of this group recalled recently the time the Jap guards made a surprise search for radio parts, and he was at a loss to know how to conceal two valves he had in his pockets.

In desperation he slipped them into Syd's hands and whispered: "Here, you're the —— wizard; get rid of these." And Sydney did. He hid them in the tubes of the concert party's xylophone.

While he was in Changi, Sydney read an article on extra-sensory perception by the American research worker, Dr. J. B. Rhine. Intrigued, he tried out Rhine's tests with Braddon.

Another prisoner, Osmond Daltry, who had been a West End theatre manager and was running concert parties in Changi, persuaded the pair to turn their E.S.P. experiments into a form of camp entertainment.

They Wanted To Travel

After the war Sydney returned to his home in the Australian city from which he got his name, and became a "time" salesman for a commercial radio station.

But the job didn't suit him. He wanted to travel, and so did the pretty little radio actress, daughter of a rear-admiral and eight years his junior, whom he had met and married within a year of his return from Changi.

They both longed to tour the world, but the problem was finance. Meanwhile Sydney found that Lesley was as good as, if not better than, Braddon had been when working with him on Rhine's E.S.P. tests.

Their common association with broadcasting resulted in news of their thought transference tests coming to the ears of an alert producer.

The three of them worked in their spare time for more than a year to find a suitable style of broadcasting something which is essentially a visual entertainment. Finally they achieved the formula which was subsequently used almost unchanged on the B.B.C.

They are often asked to submit to scientific tests, and their persistent refusals are sometimes interpreted as confessions of deceit. Sydney, who still remembers the effect of the Changi test on his audiences, says that if they co-operated in more tests at this stage it would jeopardise their success without adding anything to scientific knowledge that has not already been established.

Their Future Plans

"While we keep this up as an entertainment," he said, "we can pay our way round the world. When we have been everywhere, and seen everything, we shall go back to Australia and retire from the spotlight. Then we have promised a university research worker we know to take part in as many experiments as he likes."

But until then the Piddingtons intend to keep people guessing. That way it's fun, and it pays.

Account overdue

by PETER CHEYNEY

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

Durante was idly speculating on the sad decline in the private detective racket when in walked a client. A surprisingly respectable client for such a dubious private detective, but who was he to reason why? The money was the main thing

DURANTE GOT OFF the high stool. He put his hand in his pocket and brought out his loose change—half a crown, a threepenny piece and five pennies. He paid for the glass of beer; went out of the bar.

He stood on the corner of the street, his hands in his pockets, looking towards Long Acre. He was about five feet eleven and thin. His clothes were old but well cut, well brushed; his shoes polished, and though it seemed that the upper of the left shoe was about to part company with the sole, the way Durante wore the shoes made them look almost respectable.

He stood there considering life with a capital of somewhere in the region of two shillings. He began to walk towards Long Acre. It was seven o'clock. He thought it was a nice evening—if you had any money to go anywhere; if you had any place to go to.

He turned down a side street; stopped before a door next to a fruit warehouse, opened it, began to walk up the long, curving flight of wooden stairs. A shaft of evening sunlight shining through a dirty window picked up the thick dust in its beam. The place smelled of dust and decaying fruit skins. He thought it wasn't a good combination.

Durante had a thin, lined face—not a particularly happy sort of face. He looked like a man with a load of mischief on his shoulders. But sometimes, when he forgot about the mischief for a few minutes, his eyes lighted up. If you looked at him closely you thought that at one time he must have been quite attractive.

On the second floor, he began to walk along the long, board-floored corridor, passing half a dozen dusty-looking, half-frosted doors in the process. The names on the doors were those of commission agents, agents for this or that—the names of people who earned some sort of living in some sort of way—people who were interested in the amplifications of the word "fiddling."

At the end of the corridor, facing him, was his own doorway. It had on it *T. S. Durante,* and in smaller print beneath it, *The Durante Private Detective Agency.* He opened the door; went in.

The office consisted of two rooms—the outer office and his private room. There was a note propped up against the dilapidated typewriter on his secretary's desk. He grinned ruefully, picked up the envelope, opened it, read the note. It said:

Dear Mr. Durante,

I haven't had any money for three weeks, and I have the offer of a job in the country. I'm taking it. I'd be a fool if I didn't. I have an idea in my head that the time is coming when the Durante Detective Agency can write itself off as a total loss.

One day, if you think of it, and if you've got it, you might get around to sending me my three weeks' money. If you haven't got it . . . so what!

I've balanced off the petty cash book and left the cash balance—3s. 9d.—in the cash box in my second drawer. If I weren't a nice girl I'd have had that anyway. But I'm a nice girl. You ought to know.

Good luck to you!

Your late secretary,

Angelinè Smith.

Durante tore up the note, threw the pieces of paper in the wastepaper basket. He opened the second drawer of the desk, found the three and ninepence. He put it in his pocket. He went into the inner room, sat in the swivel chair behind his desk with his feet on the desk and thought.

He sat there quite a time, thinking about this and that. It looked to him as if the private detective racket was finished. It hadn't been too bad at first, immediately after the war. There had been the usual spate of divorce cases, all of which required a private detective; some of which required the rather dubious services of a dubious private detective. But there hadn't been any business for a month.

Durante thought the reason wasn't hard to seek. Some of his cases had been very, very dubious and the method in which he'd handled them even more so. He supposed the word had got round.

HE felt in his pocket for a cigarette, found one, lighted it. He leaned back in the chair, thought about all sorts of things. All the incidents which had led up to the present situation—some of them good, some merely stupid, some not so good. He was so immersed in thought that he did not hear the outer office door open. It was only when he looked up and saw the figure standing in the doorway that he took his feet off the desk.

The man was well dressed, grey haired.

Durante said: "Good evening. What can I do for you?"

The man came into the room. He looked round it distastefully. He sniffed.

He asked: "Are you Mr. Durante?"

Durante grinned. "Myself . . . very much at your service. . . ."

The other said: "My name's Haliwell." He put a card on the desk. "I'm managing clerk to Roberts, Roberts, Stone and Roberts. Perhaps you've heard of them?" He looked patronizingly at the private detective.

Durante nodded. "One of the most distinguished firms of lawyers in London. But you're not going to tell me they've got something for me?"

Haliwell said: "Usually we employ better-known firms of investigators, Mr. Durante. But my instructions were to come to you, so I've come."

"I'm glad to hear it," said Durante. "What can I have the honour of doing for Messrs. Roberts, Roberts, Stone and Roberts? Perhaps you'd like to sit down. There's a chair over there, but I'd dust it first if I were you."

Haliwell said, "There's no need." He put some papers on the desk in front of Durante. "The matter concerns a divorce case, Mr. Durante. We are acting for the wife. Apparently her husband left her some months ago. She has reason to believe that he is misconducting himself with some other woman. In point of fact, we happen to know that he will be staying at the Greencroft Hotel—a small hotel in Vowles Street, North Kensington—this weekend, and that he will not be alone."

"I see . . ." said Durante. "He's staying there with some woman and you want the usual evidence?"

Haliwell nodded. "I don't think you'll have any difficulty in getting your evidence. But to make certain of the job we would like you to keep an eye on the man in the case—the name's John Verlan—for perhaps a week or ten days."

Durante picked up the papers, looked through them. "It seems simple enough."

Haliwell nodded. "I think you'll find it so. When you have the evidence of misconduct and your report ready perhaps you'll bring it to me at the office."

Durante said: "All right. I suppose you're paying the usual charges."

Haliwell nodded. "I'm instructed to give you fifty pounds on account of your charges and expenses. That should cover you until you have the report ready, which I take it will be in about twelve days' time." He laid ten five-pound notes on the desk, produced a receipt form, a gold-mounted fountain pen.

Durante picked up the pen, signed the receipt.

Haliwell said: "Good evening, Mr. Durante."

He went out of the office. He seemed to have found the process of talking to Durante rather distasteful.

When the door had closed behind him, Durante looked through the papers that Haliwell had left, picked up the ten five-pound notes. He liked the feel of them. He put them in his pocket; put his feet back on the desk.

He went to sleep.

ONE night, two weeks after the visit of Haliwell, Durante came into the office. He switched on the lights in the inner room; sat down at the desk; began to write his report on the Verlan case. He drafted the report in pencil on some loose sheets of foolscap that he found in the desk drawer.

It was just another divorce case. They were almost routine. He thought that, as it stood, the case looked like an undefended suit. He shrugged his shoulders. But you never knew with divorce cases. Sometimes they went off at a tangent.

Somebody knocked on the door of the outer office. Durante put down the pencil; called, "Come in." He wondered who the hell would want to see him at a quarter past eleven at night. He heard the outer door open and footsteps walking across the dark outer office. A man came into the room. He stood just inside the door, grinning at Durante.

He said: "Good evening, Durante. Remember me? The name's Verlan. It looks as if the hunter's being hunted, doesn't it?"

Durante got up. He took off his soft hat; threw it on the desk. He said: "What is this? What goes on?"

Verlan said: "I thought you'd be curious. Personally, I don't think you're a bad detective, but you're not quite good enough for me. I've a nose for private dicks. I suppose you thought that I didn't know you'd been on my tail for the last ten days? Besides which," he went on, "that housemaid at the Greencroft Hotel—what's her name? Lizzie?—gave me the tip-off that you'd been gumshoeing around the place finding out who I stayed there with, and when and how,

and all the rest of it. I hope you've got your evidence all nicely docketed."

"I'm satisfied with it," said Durante.

Verlan came over and sat on the edge of the desk. He was tall, well-dressed; very good-looking in a brassy sort of way. His face was inclined to jowls, but his eyes were humorous, and the black, pencil-line moustache gave him an almost foreign appearance. Durante thought that Verlan was damned sure of himself. He wondered what was in the wind.

He said: "Well, now you're here, why not spill it?"

Verlan grinned. "That's what I came for. I know all about you. You're a private detective who does divorce work when he can get it. I'd like to know how you got this job, because you have a reputation that stinks from one end of London to another. Your secretary walked out on you a couple of weeks ago. You haven't paid your rent for months." He looked round the office. "I suppose the landlord hasn't kicked you out because nobody else would take this dump. In other words, you're not very well fixed, are you?"

Durante yawned. He produced a cigarette; lighted it. "All right. So I'm not very well fixed. So what!"

Verlan got up. He began to walk about the office. He took a red and white striped gold cigarette case from his pocket; lighted a fat Turkish cigarette. He seemed to be enjoying himself. He stopped walking in front of Durante's desk.

He said: "Now you listen to me. You've done some pretty odd things in your career, but the joke is I'm not asking you to do anything that's even odd. I'm not asking you to run yourself into any trouble at all. So you don't have to worry about that, see?"

"I see. I never worry about anything. Why don't you get it off your chest?"

VERLAN said: "I will. You can do a little something for me—something that you won't mind doing because it's the right and proper thing for you to do, and I'm going to give you a lot of money. Did you hear what I said—a *lot* of money? You can get out of this dump. You can restart yourself in a decent business. You can do all sorts of things, and nobody can do anything to you. For once you'll be on the right side of the law."

Durante asked: "How much money?" He blew some cigarette smoke down his nostrils.

Verlan said: "A *lot* of money. I don't deal in fivers. How would you like to get yourself a couple of thousand quid?"

Durante grinned. "I'd like it a lot, but if the job's worth two thousand quid, it's worth more." He was still grinning.

Verlan laughed cynically. "What a technique! Well, what's your idea?"

"I might be interested at four thousand pounds," said Durante, "and I'm not even going to split the difference. I'm not even going to say three thousand. If it's worth two thousand to you it must be damned important, so it can be worth four thousand."

Verlan said: "All right. You've got your nerve. I'll pay you four thousand pounds. Now listen. My wife wants to divorce me. You know that. You're the guy they've sent out to get the evidence. Well, you've got the evidence. You must have a lot of evidence by now. That suits me. But it's not the whole story. I don't have to tell you what a collusive divorce case is, do I?"

Durante grinned again. "You don't. I've met a lot of 'em."

Verlan nodded. "All right—*this* is a collusive divorce case. The petition's brought by my wife, and if the court find out it's collusive you know what they'll do?"

"They'll non-suit your wife," said Durante. "They'll dismiss her petition."

"That's right. Now listen to this, Durante. Mrs. Verlan married me three years ago. I don't know why, but she wanted to. I'm a man that women go for and she went for me. Did you know that she was a very rich woman?"

Durante shook his head.

"Well, she is," said Verlan. "She's been married before once or twice. She's always marrying somebody. She's a very nice woman, but she isn't what I'd call a good picker." He smiled cynically. "Anyway, two months ago she caught me out doing a little funny business. She told me all about it. She said she was sick of me and my women; that she'd tried to make a go of our marriage but it hadn't come off. There were one or two small points, too. She'd missed a little jewellery. She had an idea that I knew all about it." Verlan smiled again. "You just don't know how right she was. Are you still with me?"

"I'm still with you," said Durante. "It sounds to me like the old, old story. Somebody ought to make a record of it and play it over in the evening. So she told you she wanted a divorce?"

Verlan nodded. "Just like that. She told me she wanted a divorce and I asked her what sort of a mug she took me for, because, you see, when she married me, and she thought she was very much in love with me, and she thought I was a very nice, straight sort of man, she made a settlement on me for five thousand pounds a year. And tax free, too. What do you know about that one?"

Durante said: "Very nice—for you. And what terminates the settlement?"

Verlan grinned. "Only death or divorce. Got it?"

"I've got it. So what?'

THERE was a long pause. Verlan began to stroll about the office, smoking his cigarette. He was enjoying himself. He said: "I asked her what sort of mug she thought I was. I knew she had nothing on me then. She had no evidence of misconduct at all. I asked her if she thought I was going to take myself off and give her the necessary evidence for a divorce and in doing so lose my five thousand a year."

Durante asked: "What did she say to that one?"

"She wasn't even surprised," said Verlan. "She asked me what I wanted, so I told her. I told her that I was fed up with her; that she was too good a type for me; that I was tired of her; that I'd love to go but I didn't intend to lose all that money. So I made her a fair offer. I said that I'd go through with this divorce and like it, but that the day after the *decree nisi* was pronounced—which would mean that I'd lost my five thousand a year — she was to pay me fifty thousand pounds. I pointed out to her how she was saving money because fifty thousand pounds, if you work it out, is much less capital than that required to produce five thousand a year."

Durante said: "So she said yes?"

Verlan shook his head. "She didn't—not for fifty thousand. But we agreed on forty thousand."

Durante said: "So she's going to pay you forty thousand pounds the day after the *decree nisi* is made. Why not the *decree absolute*?"

Verlan grinned. "That's where I've been very clever. When she told me that she'd willingly pay me forty thousand pounds when the divorce was over, I said I'd got to be certain I was going to get the money, and there was only one way I could be certain. She was to write me a letter saying that when the divorce was over she'd pay me forty thousand pounds."

He paused for a moment; then he said: "Listen to this one. It'll make you laugh. I drafted out the letter, but I didn't say on the day after the decree was made *absolute*. I said on the day after the *decree nisi* was pronounced, and the mug copied out the letter and signed it. What do you know about that?"

Durante said: "Go on."

"The idea is this," said Verlan. He came over to the desk; put his hands on it; leaned over towards Durante. "It's a lovely idea. You've got your evidence of misconduct and you take it to your lawyers. They put the petition on the file and the case is heard. The *decree nisi*

is made. The day after she pays me forty thousand. Then I come round to you and pay you the four thousand I've promised you, and when I give you your four thousand I give you the letter she wrote to me agreeing to pay the forty thousand. You take this letter round to the King's Proctor, see? He reads that letter and he knows it's a collusive divorce, so he intervenes. Her petition is dismissed. I've got thirty-six thousand pounds; you've got four thousand. . . ."

Durante interrupted. "And she's got to go on paying you the five thousand a year for the rest of her life?"

Verlan grinned. "Something like that. Or until she can bring a new divorce, if they'd let her. And if they did they'd keep her waiting three or four years, wouldn't they?"

Durante nodded. "It's a hell of a scheme. You can't go wrong. There's only one snag about it."

Verlan asked: "What's the snag?"

Durante said: "I want ten thousand pounds."

There was a long pause.

Verlan said: "You're a lousy chiseller. You know what I'd like to do to you. . . ."

Durante interrupted. "I know. But you won't. Are you going to pay ten thousand?"

Verlan said angrily: "I'm going to do it because I've got to. All right. I get thirty thousand and you get ten thousand. You're doing pretty well for yourself, aren't you?"

"So are you," said Durante. "You get thirty thousand and the five thousand a year that goes on because you won't be divorced. And what you said about it is right. Nobody could do anything to me. I shall be doing my duty."

VERLAN said: "All right, that's how we play it. Put your report in; let the lawyers get cracking. Of course, I won't defend the suit. Then the day after the *decree nisi* is made I'll pay you ten thousand pounds. Aren't you a lucky fellow?"

"There's another snag," said Durante.

Verlan said grimly: "What are you trying to do now?"

"All I'm trying to do," said Durante, "is to protect my interests. You say the day after the *decree nisi* is made you come round to see me and give me my ten thousand pounds. That's what you *say*. But how do I *know* you will? You might get another idea in the meantime, mightn't you?"

Verlan said: "You must be nuts. Our interests are mutual. Haven't you got that?"

"Maybe. But if you're on the up and up with me there's one way you can make this job right."

Verlan asked: "What way?"

"You give me that letter now — the letter she wrote—the letter that turns this case into a collusive divorce case. You give the letter to me; then I know you'll turn up. Work it out for yourself. As you say, our interests are mutual. All I'm going to do is to keep the letter in my own hands, just to make certain that you turn up the day after the *decree nisi* with my ten thousand pounds. That's fair enough, ain't it?"

Verlan shrugged his shoulders. "What do I care? I'll give you the letter. You can't use it now without finishing up in the clink. The only straight way you can use it is my way."

Durante said: "Do you think I don't know that?"

Verlan produced a pocket case—a seal-skin case bound with gold. He opened it. He took out a letter; threw it across the desk. Durante took it up; read it.

He said: "That's O.K. by me."

"All right," said Verlan. "You can keep it as security. Don't worry. This is going to be easy, and you get ten thousand pounds." He grinned. "You're a lucky fellow, aren't you? And don't lose that letter."

"Hey! Which is the one you said bears a striking resemblance to Dorothy Lamour?"

Durante said: "Don't make me laugh. This letter's worth a lot of money to me." He put it in his breast pocket. "Now I know why you came so late at night. You realize we mustn't be seen together. I'm putting in my report to the lawyers tomorrow. Come and see me the day after the *decree nisi*. I'll be very glad to see you."

"O.K.," said Verlan. He waved his hand airily. "Good night, Durante. I'll be seeing you." He went out.

IT was seven o'clock. The summer sun shone through the grimy window of Durante's office and made grotesque shadows on the floor. Durante sat in his usual position, slumped back in the office chair with his feet on the desk. The telephone jangled.

Durante took his feet off the desk; reached for the instrument. He heard the precise voice of Haliwell.

"Good evening, Mr. Durante," said the managing clerk. "I am just telephoning to ask you to put in your account in the Verlan case. We got the *decree nisi* yesterday. We didn't bother to subpoena you because it was an open and shut case and the maid-servant's evidence was quite good enough."

Durante asked: "What do you think I ought to charge?"

There was a pause. Haliwell said: "I think it will stand fifty guineas on top of what we've paid you for expenses."

"All right," said Durante. "I'll put the account in tomorrow."

He hung up; lighted a cigarette; put his feet back on the desk. After a few minutes he heard the footsteps coming along the corridor. Then the outer door opened. Verlan came into the room.

Verlan was smiling. He was wearing a new suit a little too wide in the shoulder, too narrow at the waist. He exuded *bonhomie* and a too heavily perfumed hair-oil. He carried a small leather attaché case.

He said: "Well . . . so it came off. She's paid the money." He walked across the room; shook the dust off the seat of a chair; straddled across it, looking at Durante, grinning.

Durante said: "So you've got ten thousand pounds for me?"

Verlan nodded. "That's right." He got up; put the attaché case on Durante's desk. "Count it—you'll find it's all there."

Durante said: "I'll take your word for it."

Verlan smiled. "A trusting guy, hey?"

"No, I'm not trusting." Durante grinned. "I'm just not interested."

Verlan raised his eyebrows. "What do you mean, you're not interested? Do you mean to tell me you're not interested in ten thousand pounds?"

Durante nodded. "I'm not interested in *this* ten thousand pounds. You have it. You're entitled to it. You made an arrangement with Mrs. Verlan that on the day after she got her *decree nisi* you'd get forty thousand pounds. Well, you've got it. I don't want it."

Verlan asked: "What the hell do you mean by that?"

DURANTE took his feet off the desk; stubbed his cigarette out in the dusty ashtray. He said: "This is one of those things. . . . When this business started I wondered why Roberts, Roberts, Stone and Roberts came to me. They are a first-class firm of solicitors. They can use the very best, most responsible investigators. So why did they have to send their managing clerk round to put me in on this job—the rather lousy proprietor of a lousy detective business whose reputation stinks from one end of London to another?"

Verlan sat down on the chair again. He asked: "What's all this in aid of?"

"I'll tell you,' said Durante. "They sent Haliwell round to ask me to make the investigation in this case *because their client, Mrs. Verlan, had asked them to employ me*. I understood why after you appeared with that rather attractive proposition of yours."

Verlan said suspiciously: "So you understood why. Well—why?"

Durante grinned. "I used to be Mrs. Verlan's husband," he said. "*I was her first husband*. She'd been married twice before she met you. You remember you told me she was a bit of a mug about men. Maybe she is, but she had enough sense, when you made her sign that letter, to ask her lawyers to put me in charge of the investigations to get the evidence in the divorce case. She had an idea at the back of her head that if you tried to pull too much on her I still might be decent enough to try and help her."

He grinned again. "She was right. Just for once she was right about a man. She knew she'd been good to me; that I owed her a hell of a lot. She thought that just for once I might do the right thing. I'm doing it. This ten thousand is an account overdue to her and I'm paying it."

Verlan's jaw dropped. He said nothing.

"So I burned the letter she wrote to you," said Durante. "The letter that *made* this divorce case a collusive one. But nothing can upset it now. In six weeks' time her decree will be made absolute and she'll be free of you. You've got your forty thousand and you won't be able to blackmail her any more."

Verlan got up. His face was taut and white with rage. He said, "You ——."

Durante said: "Don't get excited. It's not going to do you any good. I know you're bigger than I am, but most of it's fat. I'm pretty tough. You might find that any strong-arm stuff wouldn't be too good for you. Take your ten thousand and get out."

Verlan picked up the attaché case. He said: "For Pete's sake! So of all people I had to come to *you*!"

"Yes," said Durante. "Damned funny, isn't it? Good night, Verlan."

Verlan went out of the office. Durante listened to the sound of his footsteps dying away on the wooden corridor. He put his feet back on the desk. He lighted a cigarette. He sat there smoking, thinking, until the shadows began to fall.

THE HUMAN MACHINE by ROFFE THOMPSON

Clean Up Your Own Backyard

AS I go around, I get more and more sure that the busiest industry in this country is fault-finding. Of course, it's the easiest job in the world. Any fool can do it. That's why it's so popular.

It's so simple to see what's wrong. But it takes a wise man to suggest a practical remedy, and a much wiser one to put the remedy into practice.

"Do you wish to find out a person's weak points?" someone once wrote. "Note the failings he has the quickest eye for in others! They may not be the very failings he is himself conscious of, but they will be their next-door neighbours."

Clean up your own backyard before telling your neighbour about the untidiness of his. It's much harder work—but it's more satisfying in the end.

Adventure's favourite train

by IRVING WALLACE

It has carried maharajas with harem girls—and peasants with clucking hens. Its tables have been laid with silver—and its boilers fed with wood

The Orient Express. Gone are the prewar luxury coaches, the shower baths, the special compartment for dogs

ONE NIGHT IN THE LATE winter of 1930, the crack international train, the Simplon-Orient Express, hurtling through Turkey on the last lap of its regular run from Paris to Istanbul, ran into a blinding storm. As sleet and swirling snow blanketed the rails, the express slowed and, at last, somewhere in the vicinity of Tcherkeuy, Turkey, came to a full stop.

Within hours, the snow was piled many feet high. By early morning the thirteen passengers—representing as many nationalities—found themselves trapped by snowdrifts.

The employees of the Simplon-Orient—or plain Orient Express—led by the *chef de train*, immediately held a council of war in the restaurant car. Several had been snowbound for as long as four days on previous trips, and they knew this imprisonment might last even longer.

Their first concern was the passengers, who, representing all types and nations, might become irritable, troublesome, even dangerous. A rule was promptly announced. Passengers must not discuss politics.

This was a rule that Orient Express personnel, themselves representing seven varied nationalities, observed three times weekly on their hectic trips between Paris and Istanbul. It had prevented friction for more than half a century.

Armed Against Wolves

Instead of three sumptuous meals a day, at the end of a week passengers were forced to eat food scraps. Soon the coal was almost gone and the train became bitterly cold. When the water supply ran out, all optimism went with it.

The second cook solved the water situation by melting and boiling snow. Meanwhile conductors, armed against wolves, set out on foot through waist-deep snow for aid. For another day the passengers, in their trapped train, alternately paced and prayed. Then the break came.

The conductors, driven by a Turkish farmer in a primitive sleigh, returned. They had bargained with villagers for sheep and coal. There would be roast lamb for dinner. They had telephoned their plight and help was on its way.

On the fifteenth day Turkish soldiers in horse-drawn sleighs arrived with food, clothing and first aid. On the following day a snow sweeper arrived from Switzerland.

Shortly thereafter, its misadventure at an end, the Orient Express, two and a half weeks overdue, limped into Istanbul.

Occurrences such as this, regarded by the sophisticated personnel of the Orient Express as mere diversions from their regular routine, are the stuff of which thrillers are spun. For example, three years after the incident at Tcherkeuy, Agatha Christie, who often accompanied her archaeologist husband on the Orient Express to diggings in the Near East, wrote *Murder in the Calais Coach*, a mystery, if not based directly on the above incident, at least compounded of several such near catastrophes that have befallen the Orient Express.

Though this extraordinary train carries its share of travelling salesmen, no journey is without its strange cargo.

The cast of characters, especially before the war, often included Franz von Papen, King Michael of Rumania, Greta Garbo, Pope Pius XII, Toscanini, King George of Greece, W. Somerset Maugham, Pierre Laval, Sonja Henie, Edda Ciano, King Gustaf of Sweden, the Aga Khan, Lily Pons, Baron Edouard de Rothschild, the Duchess of Kent, Maurice Chevalier, the Duke of Windsor, King Alfonso and Marlene Dietrich.

Although the majority of passengers were not celebrities, they were no less provocative.

Most memorably, there was the quiet little Englishman with unruly rust hair and quick smile who, when the Express was moving across a bridge high in the Swiss Alps, was seen suddenly plummeting down from the train to his death thousands of feet below. The French Sûrèté later combed the train and luggage for a clue, questioned everyone, but never learned if he fell, jumped or was pushed.

When the second World War broke out and the Orient Express made its last full run for the duration from Paris to Istanbul and back again, it was feared by the train's owners—the French and Belgian officials of the Wagon-Lits Company—that the old train might never be the same again.

Their fears were justified. Hitler, marching into France, confiscated most of the glittering coaches and baggage cars of the Orient Express for the use of German officialdom.

However, difficult as it is to hide a train, the French managed to salvage a handful of the Orient Express coaches by lending them to the cities of Lyons, Vichy and Dijon as shelters for 58,000 war refugees.

Search For Lost Coaches

On VE-Day, the collecting and assembling of this scattered stock began. Coaches were brought back from Germany, the Lowlands, the Balkans and from every corner of France. Months of feverish repair work followed and, in the spring of 1946, it was announced that the Orient Express was ready to go, three times a week, as far as Milan, while its numerous sister trains would proceed to Vienna and Prague.

And, despite endless complications, the Orient Express, in January, 1947, again steamed up for its historic run into the Near East.

But today, while the few remaining sleeping cars are still panelled in mahogany and lushly carpeted, the added touches are missing. There are no shower baths, for instance, and while prewar the express was a genuine train *de luxe* it is now for the most part made up of ordinary coaches to accommodate as many people as possible.

Until 1939 the train featured a special compartment for dogs only; now passengers must keep their pekingese, scotties and Russian wolfhounds in their own compartments.

Epicure's Delight

In the good old days the diner, gleaming with silver, sparkling with mirrors, was an epicure's delight. The first and second chefs, in white uniforms, supervised six cupboards on each diner, each cupboard representing a nation through which the express passed and containing the choice delicacies and vintages of that country.

As the Orient Express left Paris, the chefs extracted French wines from the French cupboard and served these during the two-hour evening dinner. When the train crossed into Switzerland a French Customs official boarded it, locked the French cupboard, with its array of drinks; then a Swiss Customs man came on and unlocked the Swiss cupboard, with its chocolates, cheeses and jams. And so it would go through Italy, Jugoslavia, Bulgaria and Turkey.

Today, though the cuisine is much better than it was a year or more ago and is improving all the time, the chefs reminisce sadly about the menus that used to be.

The Orient Express still carries its

Typical passenger list includes black marketeers, ballet girls, diplomats, couriers, smugglers

two baggage cars—but times have changed for them, too. Once, when the late dictator of Turkey, Kemal Ataturk, who had converted mosques into granaries and put an end to polygamy, decided further to Westernize his country by abolishing the traditional fez, the express was called upon to transport its strangest cargo.

Ataturk was dead serious about his ban on the fez; he even slapped the Egyptian Minister for daring to wear one.

Consequently all Turkish males were desperate for some kind of headgear. Clothing stores and bazaars of Istanbul and Ankara put out a hurried S O S to the hatters of Europe. Overnight, the Orient Express baggage vans were loaded down with the most fantastic shipment ever carried —London bowlers, Paris homburgs, Basque berets, Polish visor caps—all for the bare heads of Turkey.

Today the luggage reflects the times.

A baggage car will carry hundreds of food parcels, second-hand bicycles, baby carriages and endless bundles of clothes. East of Trieste, even the corridors are full of soldiers, refugees, livestock, chickens, ducks, geese and peasants who smell more of the earth than of eau de cologne.

East of Trieste, also, where some of the original coaches from Paris are hitched on to a Jugoslav engine, the smartly dressed Wagon-Lits attendants become shabby Jugoslavs in plain clothes, with only a tarnished cap to mark them as employees. The great Orient Express itself becomes a local train, stopping endlessly. Bad coal—not long ago it was wood—is stoked into the engine. The rolling stock is incredibly old and travellers explain this by saying that the company has experienced too often the desire of the so-called People's Democracies to commandeer modern coaches.

Behind the Iron Curtain the express ambles along at a maximum speed of thirty-five miles per hour, and all the time a strict watch is kept for would-be refugees.

The private car most frequently attached to the Orient Express is a special grey salon coach, built for the presidents of France and foreigners of equally high station. But most celebrities and millionaires are required to hire a first-class coach of their own if they desire the ultimate in privacy. The Duchess of Kent always hired a private coach when she journeyed from London to Athens.

Coach For The Harem

The most frequent purchasers of private cars have been Indian maharajas, who cross over from India to Turkey, go to Bulgaria and take the Orient to Paris. Once a particularly wealthy maharaja even hired a private restaurant car to trail behind his sleeper.

Another rich Indian potentate bought out an entire Wagon-Lits coach, all twenty-four berths, at a cost of around £800, to take, in complete privacy, the most curious collection of passengers ever carried from Istanbul to Paris. M. Bertolotti, a Frenchman and twenty-year veteran of the express, was *chef de train* on that trip.

"This maharaja, or whatever he was, hired the coach with the provision that all other passengers and express personnel be barred from entering it, except myself. When I went in with the tickets and passports I saw that he had his whole harem on board!

"There were seven of them, and don't let anyone tell you modern harem dwellers aren't pretty! All seven girls were young, beautiful, Indo-European types with gorgeous figures."

Kreisler Forgot His Violin

The Orient Express boss on each journey is the blue-uniformed *chef de train*, whose position is equivalent to that of a purser on a ship, but whose authority is higher. The conductors under the *chef de train*, one in each coach, are predominantly French and Swiss. Each must know at least three languages.

Conductors are expected to fulfil almost all passenger requests without batting an eye. Once Fritz Kreisler absently left one of his priceless violins in the Austrian Embassy in Warsaw. He remembered the oversight on the Orient Express and asked a conductor to take care of the matter. The violin reached Kreisler a week later.

In return for such niceties, the personnel of the train is able to supplement its salary with generous tips. All unanimously agree that the best tipper and the most colourful character ever to travel on the Orient Express was King Boris III of Bulgaria.

Before the war, King Boris, a gentle, charming man in his late forties, who once listed as his pet hobby "locomotive driving," would invite train personnel into his compartment for tea and discuss every aspect of the Orient Express as if it were his own toy.

On every trip, he would leave his wife, Queen Giovanna, knitting in their compartment, work his way forward to the engine, and at the first stop crawl in beside the two French engineers and take over the throttle.

This went on for years, until word got around that the Orient Express was being driven by the King of Bulgaria. When various diplomats heard this they raised an awful fuss.

The governments of France and Italy formally advised the king that he must not drive this train through their territories and endanger both passengers and citizenry.

On his first Orient Express excursion after the ban, King Boris sat glumly and slept restlessly through France, Switzerland, Italy and Jugoslavia, but when the express reached the Bulgarian border, where his word was law, he left his compartment, walked to the engine and took over the throttle to Sofia.

It was in September, 1883, that the world's first international luxury train was officially inaugurated. Speeding along at fifty-five miles an hour, the boiler engine, pulling two sleeping cars —heated by briquettes and lighted by oil—holding twenty-eight persons, went from Paris, through Strasbourg, Stuttgart, Munich, Salzburg, Vienna and Budapest. There were festivities all along the way.

Finally, at Varna, on the Black Sea, the passengers sloshed across a muddy field on foot to embark on a small steamer which, in a choppy sea, brought them in fifteen hours to minareted Constantinople. The East and West had met, and the total time had been seventy-seven hours and forty-nine minutes.

More recently, King Ferdinand of Bulgaria, father of the late King Boris, is remembered as having the biggest appetite ever seen on the express, eating five courses, following an hour later with five more, and often awarding Bulgarian decorations for extraordinary services to the Crown, to chefs and conductors.

Pulled Emergency Cord

But those were the good old days, say old-timers among the Orient Express staff.

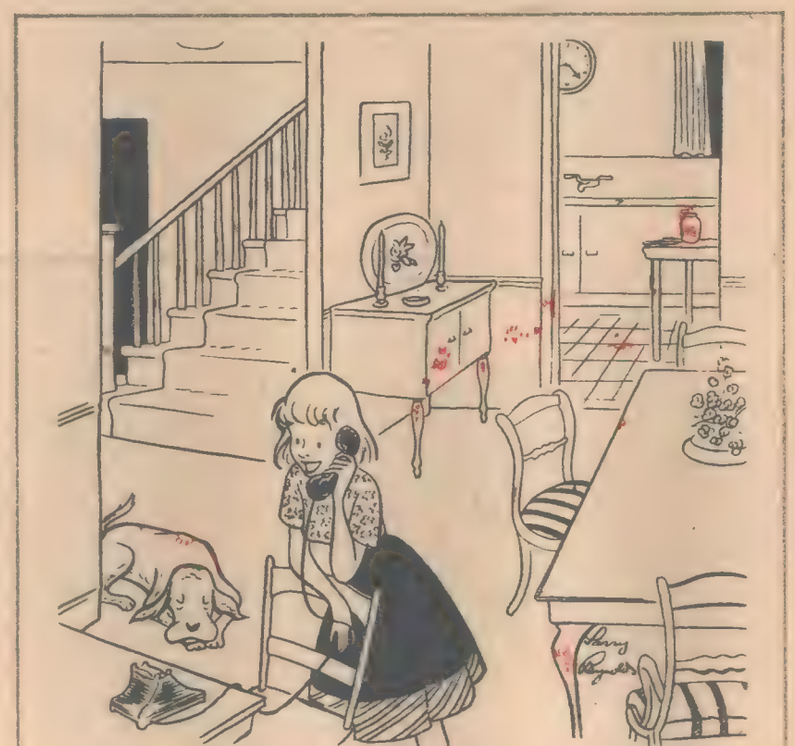
"Who do we get now?" said one *chef de train*, scanning his passenger list. "Smugglers, government couriers, diplomatic officials, black marketeers, a dozen or so ballet girls.

"Oh, yes. One more thing. Most amusing. A little Turkish governess. She got on at Sofia. A very nervous girl. In Jugoslavia she pulled the emergency cord, held up the whole train at night for five minutes.

"She said a man wearing a coat had been in her compartment, but she screamed and scared him off. Ridiculous! We couldn't even get into her compartment—it was bolted from the inside—until she opened the door.

"The conductor says he saw a mystery novel by her berth. But if you wish to write stories about the Orient Express, monsieur, you have picked the wrong time. It is nothing now.

"Come—have a brandy with me," he said, "and I will tell you about the old days and the real types."



"He's been very good, Mrs. Archer. He just toddled down for some bread and jam and toddled back again"

It's easy to boo the referee

by RICHARD COLLIER

. . . but he has to make lightning decisions. And things can happen on the field which aren't found in the book of rules

Williams in Notts C. v Bournemouth match. His motto: no nonsense

EVERY SATURDAY AFTERNOON, on a football ground somewhere in Britain, a wry, puckish little man in the black shorts and jersey of a Football League referee heralds the close of play with a long, piercing blast on his whistle, his hand outflung in the direction of the dressing-rooms.

At the end of this season, that final blast will signalize his own "end of game," for Henry Cecil Williams will be laying aside both watch and whistle after nearly twenty-five years as the man in control. At forty-six (current retiring age for Football League referees) Williams will have more time to devote to his job as a Fulham master-builder and to ponder over crowd psychology.

There was the occasion not long ago, for example, when a wet, heavy ball played by Chelsea's Chitty laid Williams flat on his face in the mud. "It was the first time I'd ever been seriously hurt in a game," he relates. "I went out like a light."

No Sympathy At All

Although concussed, in the dressing-room he had recovered sufficiently to ask his linesmen how the crowd had taken it. Some little time earlier he had been refereeing a match between Fulham and Czechoslovakia, and he remembered vividly the sound of Frank Newton's leg breaking, echoing like a rifle shot all over the grounds, and followed by a sudden shocked hush from the crowd.

"There wasn't anything like that this time," his linesmen assured him mercilessly. "The crowd couldn't make up their minds whether to laugh or cheer."

So far as the Saturday afternoon crowd is concerned, in fact, the referee is fair game in any circumstances. The ref who can consistently please all parties for the entire ninety minutes of play is very rare indeed. Williams, like most of Britain's other 10,000-odd referees, has long since ceased to try, and concentrates instead on the two prime qualities that every ref must possess—tact and speed.

Quite as important as tact in a good ref's make-up is the ability to make a lightning decision, and Williams, in the course of reffing some 1,200-odd games, has had to learn to think more quickly than most. There was the tense moment during a recent cup-tie, for example, when a player slipped backwards on the ball at the moment that the opposing half-back was rushing to clear his own lines.

When Williams's whistle brought the game to a standstill, some sections of the crowd were indignant—but Williams feels that only prompt action on his part saved the fallen player from a serious spinal injury.

Williams began his career thirty years ago at the age of sixteen.

Referees, in those days, could not hold a professional's certificate until they were twenty-one—the present age is eighteen—so Williams supervised local kickabouts until the time when he was finally old enough to become a pupil of the London Society of Association Referees Training Centre. Here, all through the season of 1923, he attended once-monthly classes, puzzling over the varied interpretations of the seventeen laws of soccer, and such teasers as "When a team plays two men short, are they allowed to dispense with a goalie?"

At the end of that season, Williams made short work of the London Referees Society's two-hour oral exam, and passed out as a fully qualified ref (Grade IIIB), attached to the West London Sports Association.

But, as Williams points out, a fully qualified man who knows all the laws of the game—in theory—is a vastly different proposition from one whose correct judgment is as instinctive as a reflex action, a thing only attained after years of experience. Then and only then is he finally ready to graduate to the Mecca of all referees—the forty-strong "full list" of the Football League.

Ball Sat On Crossbar

Many of the problems that will have arisen to test his initiative in the meantime don't enter into the syllabus of the Training Centre at all. One question tentatively considered for a recent exam, for instance, was "What is the correct procedure when the ball rests on top of the crossbar?"

The examiners finally discarded it as "impossible," yet in one game that Williams was called upon to ref, it actually happened. The linesmen had not examined the goalposts as carefully as they should, and a large nail protruding from the top of the crossbar made short work of the ball.

In another match that he was adjudicating, the ball burst as it was entering the net, and Williams disallowed the goal. "It went past the posts all right," he admits, "but it wasn't twenty-eight inches in circumference at the time and it certainly didn't weigh fourteen ounces."

One maxim that Williams had drummed into him very early on was that a ref must quickly establish himself as the real boss of the game. "Always find a few faults in the first five minutes of play," the older hands advised him. "As soon as they know that you're a ref who'll stand no nonsense, they'll settle down to play football."

Of course, there's always someone in the crowd who knows better than the ref.

On one occasion, in a match against Cardiff, it suddenly dawned on Williams that instead of twenty-two players on the field there were now twenty-three. The cuckoo in the nest turned out to be a fan who had entered the field of play at great risk in order to hand Williams a florin—the price of a book of rules.

Another thing that keeps most refs on their toes throughout the course of the game is the knowledge that both the club managers concerned must send in a report on the conduct of the game to the Football Association. In this respect, captious comments are fortunately rare, although there was one classic occasion when both clubs, with some justification, suggested that a certain ref would greatly benefit by a refresher course of the rules.

The latter half of this particular game had been played in a heavy downpour, and when the need for a penalty kick arose, it was found that the home team's penalty area had been completely obliterated. "Right," said the ref, to the stupefaction of all, "we'll take it at the other end."

Why Free-Kicks Differ

The entire course of any one game can be altered by the ref's decision—and every decision is entirely his responsibility.

Many referees, for example, interpret the advantage rule differently, particularly with regard to free kicks. Some allow the kick to be taken as soon as the ball is stationary; others insist on positioning themselves first—and allowing the opposing defence to do the same. Corner kicks provide another example. Many refs refuse to allow the short corner, and order the kick to be re-taken, so that the attackers, having won an advantage, are immediately penalized.

The financial aspect of the game, Williams says frankly, has never interested him—although for a top-line referee the rewards are ample—£5 5s. per match, with an average of sixty matches per season.

"If I can think I'm leaving the game a little better than when I found it," says Williams, "I'll be happy."

It was clear now about the murder, about Alix's part in it, and about the highly illegal "trading" that was going on. And yet, by explaining so carefully, Bénat had given me the upper hand. I wondered why

Night without stars

by WINSTON GRAHAM

ILLUSTRATED BY K. J. PETTS

BELIEVE ME, THERE'S nothing like a shock for toning up the system. Say, for instance, you're poking round a black marketeer's lair; say you've just pocketed some of the illicit goods as evidence; say you creep quietly out of the door again to find a large black marketeer waiting for you outside. . . .

No, not so good. But in the past year I was getting conditioned to shocks.

It started when I was half blind. I'd taken a trip to Nice on the Riviera, met a girl called Alix Delaisse, a young widow (her husband, a Resistance leader, had been killed by the Germans). She had taken pity on me. At least, it was pity at first; later it changed to something else.

I wasn't alone in loving Alix. My rival was a wealthy restaurateur, Pierre Grognard, who was her official fiancé. Alix had walked the tightrope pretty successfully between us. She'd taken me to a place she called the Café Gambetta in Villefranche, a few miles away. I'd met her mother-in-law, Mère Roget, who owned the café, and the rest of the family, and grown friendly with them.

Then, forced by Grognard to promise not to see me again, Alix said goodbye. A few days later, I got a mysterious phone call from her. She was in Grognard's flat, apparently needed help. I went, groped around, found the flat smashed up, but empty—except for Grognard, very dead. Alix had vanished. I went to the Café Gambetta for news, but they pretended not to know me. And I was told there was no such café as the Gambetta in Villefranche.

That wasn't all. Charles Bénat, a rich, cynical young lawyer to whom I told my story, said that Grognard wasn't dead. He'd seen him since, preparing to marry Alix. . . .

Baffled, depressed, I returned to London, had an eye operation I'd been scared to think of before, and came through it successfully. I could see!

Back to Nice; back to the Café Gambetta. They pretended not to know me again. But this time I could see them. After dark, I wandered round to the back of the café, found it was a store for smuggled black market goods. And then came the shock. As I came out, a man was waiting.

PART VII

The Man in the Cellar

HE WAS A BIG MAN, nearly as tall as myself and much heavier. He'd evidently been watching for me to come out because he had a knife in his hand. We looked at each other and his jaw dropped. There was one thing to do.

I poked about with my stick and said: "Is anyone there? I don't know where the devil I am. I've gone wrong somewhere."

He licked his lips and fingered the knife blade with his thumb. Then abruptly he reached up and thumped on the door above. I began to grope towards the outer door.

"Stop!" he said. It was my one-time friend the fisherman.

I turned eagerly. "Roquefort! And I have been looking for you everywhere! After all this time. Where are you?"

I changed my direction but still contrived to get a bit nearer the door.

"Stop," he said again. "What are you doing down here, m'sieur?"

I said: "They kept telling me this wasn't the Café Gambetta, and I know it is, so I tried to find my way in by a back entrance."

He thumped again. This time there was an immediate answer, and he moved aside as Mère Roget and another man came down.

Mère Roget said: "What——" and then stopped as she saw me.

"He was down here," said Roquefort. "In the other cellar. I heard him moving when I came down."

The other man began to sidle round towards the door.

I said: "Who's there? Roquefort! What's everyone so unfriendly about?" Another step.

"Don't move," said Mère Roget. "How've you got in here?"

"Mère Roget!" I said. "I saw Alix yesterday and was asking how you were. I'm glad I've found you all at last."

THE other man stopped moving when the old woman jerked her thumb at him. I could see she was weighing it all up. She didn't know what to make of it, and didn't want bloodshed. It all meant more danger from the police.

"My name is not Mère Roget," she said. "That was a little joke we had, m'sieur. Then the joke was over and we didn't want you here any more, so we did not admit you. If you want to know all about it, go and ask Alix."

"I did ask Alix, and she told me the same thing. And Roquefort and his butterflies? Was that all part of the joke?"

She said to him in an undertone: "Go and see if anything has been touched."

I knew then that this bluff wasn't going to last much longer. I watched Roquefort move towards the middle door.

"And Scipion," I said. "And the others. What a curious display of bad taste. Do you often get fun out of people's infirmities?"

Nobody answered. Roquefort went in and switched on the light.

"Anyway," I said. "I'm not going to push in where I'm not wanted."

I turned and went out through the door, slamming it behind me. Then I made across the path in great strides as the man tried to open it again behind me. Passing the second door I heard Roquefort drawing back the bolt. Once I slipped in the dark, but got out into the alley with probably a couple of yards lead. The gate banged, might hold them a moment, but two more men loomed up suddenly on my blind side and I knew I was done; they'd evidently sent them round from the street to be sure. One of them clutched my arm and I was just going to do something about it when he said:

"What's the hurry, pal? Just hit the turn into the stretch."

The other put his arm heavily round my shoulders and breathed rye whisky.

"Pardon, monsieur," he said. "Avez-vous un. . . . Est-ce que vous avez un. . . . What'n hell's the French for match, Joe?"

"Allumette," I said, a bit short of wind. "And I've got one here if you'd like it."

The first man went off into a crow of laughter.

"He's English, Herbie. Just when you were getting warmed up, too."

Herbie waved a dignified hand. "Merci, monsieur. Je vous remercie pour le louer de votre allumette. Le soir est beau, n'est ce pas? Voulez vous joindre nous dans un—unboisson?"

I said: "Were you the two who were singing just now?"

"Yeh," said Joe. "Like to hear us? Herbie: Feller here wants to hear us."

I said: "Let's wait till we get to the top of this alley."

IN the hotel next morning in the light of day it looked different, but at the time I felt lucky to get away. I didn't waste any more time than I could help with Herbie and Joe, and was glad to be out of the town.

It was plain from now on that I'd do well to keep clear of Villefranche. Nobody there loved me any more, and they might not be willing to waste opportunities arguing next time. I smoked one of the cigarettes I'd taken from the cellar, and it seemed good Virginian tobacco. But when I looked the socks over I found I was wrong about one thing. They weren't grey, they were khaki.

By the afternoon post a letter came from Charles Bénat.

"Dear Giles Gordon,

"We didn't have an opportunity for private conversation at the Wintertons last night, but I see that you will require more in the way of satisfaction than I have so far been prepared to give you. You, I think, owe something in the way of explanation, too. I shall be in Marseilles until Friday, but if you will care to come to dinner that evening perhaps we can talk this thing over in a friendly spirit and come to an understanding. If you can let me know, I will send a car down to your hotel to pick you up about seven.

Yours sincerely

CHARLES BÉNAT."

So friendly a note was a surprise. I wondered if he'd heard of last night's adventures when he wrote.

I spent the afternoon writing; it seemed a common precaution. About six the telephone rang. It was the porter.

"A Madame Delaisse to see you, monsieur."

Something missed a beat. "Where? In the hotel?"

"Yes, monsieur. At the desk."

I said: "I'll come straight down—no, will you ask her please to come up."

"Very well, monsieur."

I stood and looked about the room, swept up the papers I'd been writing, shoved them into a drawer on top of collars and socks, put my jacket on. I'd time to straighten my tie before the knock came at the door.

When she came in her expression was rather taut. I wondered where that little teasing self-deprecating laugh had gone. It wasn't just I who had changed.

SHE stood with her back to me for a minute while I shut the door. She wore a scarlet frock with a white collar.

I said: "Whatever you've come for it's good to see you."

She said: "How soon can you leave Nice?"

I walked over to the window and pulled up the Venetian blind, for the sun had left the front of the hotel.

"Sit here. It's cool and airy and we can talk."

She came slowly over. "Giles, I am not playing. You had better leave Nice at once."

I looked at her sitting on the chair, went on looking. "Why?"

"You should know that. Why did you go round to the café last night?"

"Temperamental impulse. Do they feel annoyed?"

"They phoned this morning. I didn't tell Charles before he left for Marseilles."

"Thanks for the breathing space. So I've got till Friday?"

She looked quickly at me. "How do you know?"

I told her about the invitation. "It's too much to resist a promise of some explanation, don't you think? After all this time?"

She began to fumble in her handbag, but I got out my cigarette case and offered her one. As she took it I said: "Recommended. Special Villefranche brand."

She looked at the cigarette. "You must be crazy, Giles. You must be mad. You've recovered some of your sight. Why didn't you go somewhere and enjoy yourself? What good is all this prying and interference going to do you?"

I stopped with the lighter not yet burning. "D'you really need that explaining?"

"Then what . . . ?"

"I don't care what black market business Charles and your Villefranche

Bénat put a black spanner into my hand. It was about eight inches long. "That's what I killed him with," he said. Alix's face twitched a little

friends are running. I don't even care who killed Pierre Grognard. He's in his grave and can stay there. It's nothing to me. Don't you realize that?"

She looked at me.

Then she flushed as she'd done at Winterton's place.

". . . If you care for me you'll not interfere with my friends."

"Oh, rot; rubbish; nonsense. What else can I do? Why don't you tell me what there is to tell? I'm no Puritan. There's a black market in England as well as in France. I don't think much of it, but I shouldn't rush to the police at the first sign. I like murder a lot less, but it's not my job to bring every criminal in. Grognard's death worried me a good bit because I found his body. Is that unnatural?"

"Part of it isn't my story to tell——"

"All right, then. I came for an explanation that it isn't unreasonable to expect. I wanted an explanation, but if you can't or won't give it me, then let's drop it. Drop it for good and all. Grognard's buried and Villefranche forgotten. But what I'm not prepared to forget is you. I want to see you, talk to you, have your friendship—at least for a little while, just to make sure. You say last time, last year you were sorry for me and that was why. . . . Well, I don't believe it. You say it was all a mistake. That may be. But it was your mistake, not mine. And I want a reasonable chance of being convinced that it was even yours."

I lit the lighter, a bit out of breath, but she seemed to have lost her cigarette or something, so I lit my own.

She said in a different sort of voice: "I think I can tell you about Villefranche. That first day, when it was wet, I knew I shouldn't really take you to the café; but in a way I wanted to. You were—likeable, and on impulse I wanted them to meet you. Their real selves, you know, are the people you met when I was with you, not the people of last night. . . . Well, when I took you that first time, just to be on the safe side I told you the names we'd used during the war—still used sometimes—so that no one knew who people or places were. When we went in that first time I asked for Mère Roget. It was a cue to them to use these other names that during the war had became almost as familiar to them as their own. The only one who kept his real name was my brother-in-law, Armand, because he was away, a prisoner, and didn't have any other. It was not really intended to deceive you but to reassure them. It was intended as a defence against their criticism. If they said, 'You shouldn't have brought him here,' I could say, 'But he knows nothing, not even your real names'. . . ."

"Good," I said. "That lets out Villefranche."

"I wish it did. But now with your interference last night it's no longer for you to say when this shall be dropped. Do you think you'd wish to drop it if you were in their position? Their existence now depends on your goodwill. And why should they think you have any goodwill for them at all? Perhaps nothing will be done until Friday, but you should leave by this evening's train."

"And if I stay?"

"Your life will not be safe."

"Oh, come. This isn't Chicago."

"No. . . . It isn't Chicago."

There was a pause. I looked out of the window. "That your car?"

"Yes."

"It's the model they call the sideways Studebaker, because you can't tell whether it's coming or going."

"Perhaps."

"I think that's the nearest thing we've got so far to the design of the future."

"I haven't come here to discuss cars."

Looking at her, I said: "No, but it's a long way from a shoe shop and an apartment in the Old Town to driving an expensive American car and wearing the clothes you wear now."

She said: "I've come here to warn you. I can't do more."

"Why bother even to do that?"

She shrugged slightly and was silent.

"Old time's sake?" I inquired.

"If you like."

I said: "You've changed, Alix. God knows what's done it, but you're only half the same person. You wouldn't have come over from the shoe shop, have tried to help me this year."

"Stop being—interested in me then, and go." Her face was angry and taut. I said: "I'm not interested in you, I love you. . . ."

There was a bit of a pause after that. There were three or four people round her car, staring at it.

I said: "Believe me, I'd get some satisfaction out of leaving this town for good, but it wouldn't solve anything for me. So just for a little while I'm not going."

She looked up at me. "You're a sticker, aren't you."

I tried to smile at her. "Obstinate streak."

She said: "You'll soon forget me. You're romantic and think yourself into loving me. There are plenty of other women in the world who will fall for that story—and enjoy it. You're quite young, nice looking, have some money, I suppose. It shouldn't be hard."

I watched her but didn't speak.

She said after a minute: "You think you love me. I don't want that sort of love. If you married me you'd soon want a change. One gets tired of the same diet, week in, week out. Well, I don't want to begin."

I walked across the room and back. "What *are* you afraid of?"

"Afraid of? Nothing."

"Yes, you are. I've only just realized it, realized it isn't quite what I thought."

She stretched out the toe of her scarlet shoe, stared at it. "Always such imagination."

"Painful lack, I should think, not to have seen that much before."

"No, no, be honest. It's not fair to

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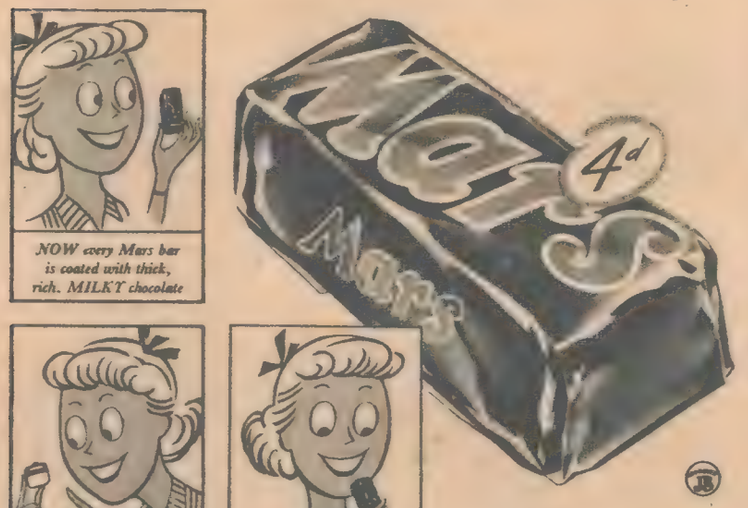

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keep thinking up new excuses for staying."

I sat down opposite her. "Listen, Alix. You've been to the wrong school——"

"Yes," she said, looking up, pushing back her hair. "I've been to the wrong school. It's the school of experience, where people have to face facts and not dream silly dreams——"

I said: "No, that's the school of Charles Bénat."

She said: "Leave Charles out of this."

"How can we if he's so deep in? You're living with him, in love with him apparently. No doubt he's a brave man and a clever one—still has the glamour of the Resistance. He's got a following; people admire him. But believe me, he's plain poison. Already you've imbibed half of his sham philosophy——"

"No," she said, and got up. "Stop, Giles, you needn't say any more. I only came here to warn you—to ask you to leave Nice. Will you do that?"

I glared at her. "Like hell I will."

Her lips were trembling, but I think it was anger. She was as furious with me as I was with her.

I said: "I know Bénat's attitude to women. Well, that's his lookout. What he looks for he'll find, and good luck to him. But I could kill him for applying those standards to you."

"He hasn't applied those standards to me!" she said. "My God, must you *always* think in terms of sex? Aren't there any other ideas in your head?"

"There might be if you were honest with me just for a change."

"I've told you no lies this afternoon, Giles. Charles is my brother."

* * *

I wrote to Bénat.

"Dear Charles Bénat,

Thank you for your invitation to dinner on Friday evening. I shall be glad to accept. Don't, however, bother to send down for me; I can arrange transport.

Yours sincerely,
GILES GORDON."

On Wednesday morning I went round to see John. He was busy, and I didn't stay more than a few minutes.

"Listen, Johnny; I've got an envelope here I want you to keep for me. If you don't hear anything from me on Saturday morning will you pass it on to the police?"

He stared at me. "That won't be much comfort to you if I have to, will it? Frankly, old boy, are you one step nearer finding out what happened to Pierre Grognard?"

"I hope to find that out on Friday."

I got up to the Villa Lavandou at eight o'clock on the Friday. I'd got Maurice to drive me. To take a chauffeur to the Villa Lavandou seemed a reasonable insurance against harm.

It was a thundery evening, with heavy clouds coming in from the mountains. Big spots were splashing on the bonnet of the car as we drove through the fields of lavender; over the sea the sky was still clear like a taut green flag.

Maurice had wanted to go back and come for me again at midnight, but I persuaded him to stay. Charles Bénat was waiting for me when I was shown in and came across and shook hands. He shook hands the way he talked—grasped the subject briefly and then dropped it away from him. Grutli rose from the splendid hearthrug and gave a low growl.

Bénat said: "Good of you to come." His glance flickered over me. "Let me get you a drink. Alix will be down in a few minutes."

I was pleased to hear it.

"This time I can admire your room," I said.

The whole thing was in good taste, but rather extravagant, the ceiling being white with cinnamon tracing; and there were cinnamon satin draperies and a good lot of delicate wrought-iron work.

He said: "I've already apologized for it once, but it amused me at the time. Let me see, you like gin, don't you? And French, was it? I think we shall have thunder this evening." He came back with the glass. "And how's the black market?"

I stared down at Grutli who was sniffing at my chair. "I've some socks at home I should have worn tonight, but they didn't match up. Khaki's a difficult colour."

"Khaki market, d'you think?"

"My own guess is that they're surplus army stock, sold in bulk in Italy by someone who'd no business to have them—shipped here illegally from Naples and sold at about four times what they fetched in Italy. Of course, it's only a guess."

"A good guess. But they'd be dyed before they were sold. It helps distribution."

I met his gaze. "Yes?"

"Yes," he said. "Cigarette?"

I took one.

"Chesterfields," he said. "Bought illegally and sold on the black market at 100 per cent profit. Ah, here comes Alix. I believe you've been seeing something of her in my absence."

"A bit."

I got up.

She looked lovelier every time I met her, but perhaps that was my delusion. Anyway she'd never greeted me yet with a smile in her eyes. Tonight she looked uncomfortable but at least not unfriendly.

"And here, too," said Bénat, "comes the rain. Lucky you arrived in time; it's always disagreeable driving in these downpours."

We went in to dinner with the rain roaring on the roof. As we sat down there was a crash of thunder and Alix

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looked round quickly. The manservant pulled the curtains across.

We were about half through dinner before Bénat said: "I suppose you want to hear about Pierre Grognard."

"If it's agreeable to you."

"Hardly agreeable. . . . But I've considered it all round. On certain conditions I should be willing to tell you."

"The conditions?"

"Some you may find distasteful."

I looked at Alix. "Well?"

He said: "(A) that you tell no one else what we tell you; (B) that you stop making tiresome inquiries; (C) that you leave Alix alone."

A nasty little sting in that, coming suddenly at the end. I was still looking at her, but she kept her eyes away.

"By (A) I suppose you mean not tell the police?"

"Among others. Yes."

"Is it Alix's wish that the third condition is put in?"

After a minute she said: "It was Charles's idea to tell you the truth—Charles makes his own conditions."

"But do you want me to accept them?"

She met my eyes for a half second over the top of her wine glass. "Yes. . . ."

I didn't say any more while the next course was served.

SINCE the first meeting with her a week ago, I'd tried to believe she was unfriendly because of what I might discover. Now I could cheerfully have got up from the table and gone.

Charles said: "Well, Giles?"

I said: "(A) I agree to. Fair enough. (B) goes without saying. I'm bored with them as it is. (C) is. . . ." Stop again and think a minute. "(C) goes a bit far. I can't tie myself so closely without knowing what you're going to tell me. If I'm satisfied at the end that Alix doesn't want to see me, I'll drop out quickly enough without invitation."

Alix said: "Oh, what's the use of this, Charles? If you intend to tell Giles about Pierre, then tell him. You can't make conditions."

"Would you rather I made threats?"

"No, of course not."

"Then I make conditions."

"I accept the first two," I said. "The third. . . . I think must wait."

He broke a piece of biscuit and gave it to Grutli. "Oh, well, perhaps that's for Alix to consider. I leave it to her. Shall we go into the other room?"

In the lounge, he said: "Am I the only one to take cognac? Really the other wines only set the right note for this."

His thin sallow face had no flush on it as I felt there was on mine; I glanced at Alix who was standing by the window, one hand on Grutli's shoulder. The rain had stopped; its drumming had been with us nearly all through dinner; now the piled clouds were turning and splitting one over the other so that soon the sky would show.

Alix said: "You were going to tell Giles about Pierre. I married Jacques Delaisse in 1944. That's how you should begin. Two months later he was captured and hanged."

"He won't understand anything if you tell him that way."

"Then tell him your own way, but get it over. I think that will cure him of his ambition to associate with us."

Bénat said: "Nonsense. There's a glamour about murder. Especially to those who've led sheltered lives."

I said: "So it was murder?"

"If you accept the conventional definition."

"Which you, of course, don't."

For once I caught his gaze. He smiled perfunctorily.

"As a matter of principle, no."

"Do you for loyalty—or any of those things?"

"Well, loyalty is only another name for enlightened self-interest, isn't it?"

"I wonder that you're willing to trust my self-interest."

"It's an experiment."

"Rather an expensive one for you if it doesn't come off."

"Oh," he said. "You have no proof. And it would be expensive for you, too."

We stared at each other for a bit. "Go on, then."

"I'm afraid it will take a little time. I must first explain that during the war I controlled this district for the C.A.D.F., which worked in liaison with the Forces Françaises de l'Intérieure. Among the two hundred men and women under me were both Pierre Grognard and Jacques Delaisse. I believe they were close friends, but their work for the resistance was quite different. Pierre was used for contacts and intelligence; Jacques was an active saboteur. Pierre I knew slightly, Jacques not at all. If you're unfamiliar with the way the underground movement worked that may seem strange, but in fact of all the people under me I only knew twenty-eight by name. Knowledge was danger; instruction was by contact. The movement interlocked but everyone's knowledge stopped short at the first, second or third link beyond himself—usually the first. It was the only sure way of cutting one's losses. . . . My sister began carrying messages when she was eighteen. Some time after that I heard she was going to marry Jacques. . . ."

"I couldn't give my consent to the wedding or be present at it because at the time I was living with a goldsmith in Toulon under the name of Flaubert. I made some inquiries about Jacques from a friend who knew him and was told that he was handsome, agreeably reckless, and enthusiastic in his work for the movement. That was all I knew, but my own feeling was that a man like Delaisse could hardly have the character or the breeding for Alix. . . ."

I tried to tell from the silhouette of Alix's head against the window how much she resented this, but she didn't stir.

CHARLES went on: "However, in April of that year, 1944, I was arrested in Antibes—and this time identified. A disagreeable experience." He went to the table. "I didn't suggest a Benedictine. Would you like that?"

After hesitating a second I said I would.

"They didn't give you Benedictine at the Villa Mont Fleur. But they had other means of loosening the tongue. They burned my feet chiefly; that's why I limp. If——"

"Don't say any more about that, Charles."

"Well, it's an experience not without its own peculiar adventure. There's a point at which pain can do no more—and then you become superior to God and the Devil. You're *free*. . . . Most interesting. Well, I stood it for three days and then feigned madness. A dangerous trick, because at that point there's only a single thin fence of reason between pretence and reality. . . . On the fifth day I escaped. Two days later Pierre Grognard was arrested and six others. A fortnight after that Jacques Delaisse went and three more. A sweep of our best men."

It had been going dark in the room. He switched on a couple of table lamps, and they brought all the colour back; the cinnamon satin curtains, the lace-like shadows of wrought-iron, Alix's hair and skin.

"I think those days and weeks my last ideals were squeezed out. Thinking I was going to die, I forgot my more enlightened views and it seemed worth while to be keeping faith with the men under me. Then I escaped, and most of the men were arrested just the same. I

Continued on page 27

"My Sister's a persister!"

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NIGHT WITHOUT STARS

Continued from page 25

might have told the Germans all I knew and saved myself the heroics. Anti-climaxes can be very salutary."

He put the drink beside me. As he bent I noticed there were tiny beads of sweat round the roots of his hair. It was the first time I'd seen him so close. His eyelids were very thin, almost transparent.

For all his appearance of suavity and balance, there was something here that I wasn't so sure about.

"Of the eleven men arrested five were taken to Cannes for questioning. Two died there and three survived. Jacques Delaisse and two others were hanged in Nice. Grognard was taken to a concentration camp near Toulon where he was kept until released by the Allied landings. Is my telling brief enough for you, Alix?"

"Yes. . . ."

He went on: "The arrests had been very smart—a little too smart. We all felt there had been a deliberate leak. For a time we were all under suspicion, but in the end, by elimination, we came to think of Grognard. He had no witness to his movements—and when he came back he was much better off. He had made money out of the Germans legitimately—we did not begrudge him that—but confidential reports showed him a man of wealth. . . . There were other little things.

"It was hard to believe the worst. He'd been one of our earliest and most active members. He'd lost his father in the first war and was known to have Communist sympathies. He had proof of his captivity in Toulon. The thing was impossible. Then early last year he began to pay attentions to Alix."

The great dog shook himself till his collar fairly rattled, came across and put his head on his master's lap. Charles's hand slid over the creased shiny skin. A hand shaped like Alix's but sinuous instead of smooth.

"Will you go on, Alix?"

"No. You."

"We—Alix and I—had had our differences of opinion—over her marriage and some other things—and when peace came she chose to live her own life and earn her own living. She didn't care very much for Pierre; but I felt—and the relatives of those who had been betrayed felt the same—that it was up to her to encourage him for a while to see what came of it. There's nothing like infatuation for unlocking a man's tongue. We didn't, of course, need evidence to satisfy a court of law—only to satisfy ourselves. It was at this stage that Alix took pity on a blind man and so made things difficult for us all."

I said: "And incidentally saved the blind man."

"Quite incidentally. I expect if you know her at all you'll realize that she's a woman given to these sudden impulses. . . . Tiresome conflict between inclination and duty. Then after some weeks she was silly enough to take you back to her apartment and Pierre surprised you on the stairs. This naturally made things very strained between them. He'd been jealous of you but now felt himself deceived as well. They might have quarrelled finally, but she was conscience stricken, felt she had let us down. So she made it up with him, even though his terms had changed. Now you must tell the next part, Alix."

"I can't."

"Oh, yes, you can."

She turned slowly from the window, sat on the arm of a chair, put her hands round her knee.

"Oh, God. . . . Well, then. . . . I can't tell it like Charles, detached, amused. Perhaps I have a sense of humour that doesn't work in this. After that meeting on the stairs I was very upset. In those days it seemed to matter. . . . Both my friendship with you and my loyalty to—them. I thought somehow, in a few days, I can find something out; then be done with it all. I hated it. When I saw him next time his attitude was . . . was, if you, why not him. He proposed we should go off for a fortnight, be married while we were away. I knew he didn't mean that, but I agreed. I was sure, once we were alone together . . . in that way. Once or twice he'd begun to say things and had to pull up short. . . . While this was going on Charles was away, but I went to Villefranche, told them. I wrote a note for Charles that he'd get when he came home.

The arrangement was to spend a few days in Grasse first—then go on to Grenoble, and perhaps Paris. The evening before we left he took me out to dinner; then he asked me back to his flat. I didn't usually go, but in the circumstances didn't like to say no. When we got there he began to make love to me. I found when it came to that I. . . ." She got up. "It's hot in here, Charles. Can I open a window?"

"I'll do it for you."

He opened it, but a wind came into the room and began to blow the curtains wide.

She said in a low voice that seemed a part of the new noise of the cool air and flapping curtains:

"That's how it is sometimes. You undertake something without facing up to it. Then it comes and. . . . I tried to pretend that night—but the feeling was too strong. He stopped at last—upset, of course. . . . With a man like Pierre it had always been hard to keep him at a distance. It had meant—pretending to a special goodness, and getting him to accept that estimate. Now he began to taunt me—about you and . . . to sneer. I kept calm over that and because I was calm he got more angry. He began about other things, trying to smear—unforgivable things as I thought then. . . . I lost my temper, too. . . . We quarrelled wildly. And then suddenly it all stopped. In his anger, in his need to hurt me. . . ."

She paused, pushed back her hair, said carefully: "He did what we'd been waiting for all the time. He said he'd seen someone in a place in Hyères—and it happened I knew that other person had not been near that place until a fortnight after Pierre had been 'arrested'. . . . You see, if Pierre was taken on April 30 he couldn't have been free in Hyères on May 11.

"The quarrel stopped too suddenly. He started to apologize for his anger as if he meant it, and all the time I could see he was turning this over in his mind—getting nearer the truth every minute. The way I'd been that night showed I didn't love him and never had: he worked back from that. I knew when he realized the truth because the sweat came out on his face."

She straightened her back let her hands fall. "Then he asked me if I was still willing to go away with him. I had to say I was. Then he said would I come with him tonight, drive up to Grasse, sit and watch the sunrise in the mountains, have breakfast at a wayside *auberge*? I knew then that he wasn't going to let me out of his sight. I knew when I went up into the mountains he would kill me. It was at the back of his eyes, like pain, like—like a new sort of lust. . . .

"I tried to make excuses but it wouldn't do. He was so frightened that if the worst came he was ready to kill me there in his flat. So I said I'd go. We were both pretending and half knew the other was, but were afraid to let the pretence fall. There's—an awful chasm between the last thought and the first act. . . . I said I must go and pack a few clothes; but he said we could send for anything I wanted and he'd buy me things in Grasse tomorrow. Then I said I couldn't possibly go without at least phoning Mme Colloni—otherwise she'd get alarmed and call the police."

Charles Bénat shut the window and went across to the bureau behind me.

She said: "I suppose it was panic, that call to you. But there was no one else. If I phoned a Villefranche number he would know at once that I was not getting my apartment. My only hope was that you'd realize there was something wrong and begin to ask questions which I could answer yes or no—as you did. When you offered to come round I thought that would save me. I only had to delay long enough in the flat and Pierre would be helpless. . . . But I made one mistake. He wasn't very far from the phone and heard it was a man's voice at the other end.

"Of course, even then I tried to put him off. I said I'd got on to Mme Colloni's husband—I tried any sort of excuse that came into my head. But excuses were no use any more. . . ."

She stopped.

I had heard Bénat come up. He put a black spanner into my hand. It was about eight inches long.

"That's what I killed him with," he said.

I looked at the spanner. Grutli, interested, came over and sniffed at it, his great head nearly level with my shoulder. Alix reached for the cigarettes and lit one; I saw her face twitch a little. I handed the spanner back.

"Exhibit A."

"I've killed three men with that," he said. "An accidental choice in the first place, but it happens to be weighted right and fits the pocket. Of course, the other two were Germans."

"And they hardly count, do they?"

"In some things you've the right ideas." He went back and put the spanner away.

I said: "And how did you contrive to kill Grognard?"

"I came back from Lyons in the afternoon to find Alix's note waiting on my desk. She told me briefly what she'd decided to do. All the rest of the afternoon I tried to work but could not. So eventually I faced up to the fact that I was not willing to let my sister go with this man merely to clear up who had betrayed a dozen saboteurs. The act itself, of course, is unimportant, but I didn't look on it with favour in the circumstances. It was like rewarding a cheat with the first prize. . . . And it was—" he hesitated, his lip drooping—"it was unsatisfactory for reasons of prestige. Alix spoke just now of coming to the brink of a thing before realizing all that it means. Perhaps for once that happened to me. Our attitude seemed irrational. Revenge is as useless as regret."

"I agree with you there."

His face had got curiously in the shadow again.

"I drove down and went to her apartment. Mme Colloni said she had gone out with Grognard. I phoned one or two restaurants and discovered they were at the Luxembourg. They were just leaving when I got there, so it interested me to follow them. They went to his flat."

Bénat paused, then went on conversationally: "I drew up outside and waited, hoping she would come out alone. Unless it was unavoidable I did not want him to know anything. After about twenty minutes, when I was trying to think up some excuse for calling, I saw a shadow on the curtain and a hand pull the curtain roughly aside and then the hand seemed to be pulled away. It was a woman's hand. I went up at once and rang. I rang twice and knocked before Pierre came. He opened the door a few inches and was obviously shocked at the sight of me. After a minute while we kept up the courtesies he tried to shut the door. I forced my way in. Alix's bag was on the settee. I went through to the bedroom. She was lying on the floor. I turned back as Pierre reached the bureau in the corner where he kept his revolver."

Alix stubbed out her cigarette and got up. "That's enough, Charles."

Bénat said: "After I'd hit him I put my hand over his mouth and supported him a few paces to the settee: that was instinct, not to let them cry out, not to let them fall. Then I went in to Alix. After three or four minutes she began to come round. Then the door-bell rang."

"Yes," I said. "Very inconvenient."

"Alix told me what she had done and we hoped you'd go away. It wasn't until I helped her back into the living-room that I saw the outer door had been left ajar. We got into the kitchen just before you began to push the door open. My own preference would have been to use the spanner again, if more mildly, but Alix said no."

"Very considerate of her."

Alix gave me a long, steady look.

"We went down by the back stairs," Bénat said, "and waited outside in my car, which was on the other side of the road, hoping that as you were blind you would find nothing. As time passed we wondered if you had also left by the back stairs. I left Alix in the car and phoned Villefranche. Then I phoned Pierre's flat and you answered. When I got back you were just coming out. Throw me a cigarette, will you, Alix?"

I said: "I wonder if it ever occurred to you that you might have put the murder on me?"

"It did. But there might have been flaws I knew nothing of. And again Alix would have nothing to do with it. I have the stick you left in the flat, but

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NIGHT WITHOUT STARS

Continued from previous page

I suppose you don't need it now."

"Not except when intending to deceive."

"I'm sure the opportunities for that must be decreasing."

"That first time I came to see you," I said. "Was Alix here?"

"No. I sent her to Dijon. She was—very much shaken up. When all this was begun we knew there would be some risk to her, but it had hardly occurred to us that things would happen as they did. We had thought of her being able to report to us and then dropping out and taking no further part in anything we did to Grognard. There would have been no question of her disappearing from the town—an act which obviously might cause comment. But as you had been dragged in there was no alternative to her going. She could not continue in her flat or at the bootshop if you were likely to come round asking questions."

I said: "How forbearing you've been not to use your *totschlager* on me."

Bénat inclined his head. "Glad you appreciate it."

"Several people have been predicting an early funeral."

Bénat said: "What people?"

"Oh. . . . John Chapel among others."

"What does he know of this?"

"Not more than he knew twelve months ago."

THERE was a minute's silence. "Well," said Bénat, "now you know the truth. Honour is satisfied. Is there anything more we can do for you?"

I said: "This has all been very friendly—except for your third 'condition.' It strikes rather a wrong note, don't you think? Robs the evening of its warmth."

"What do you suggest?"

"That you extend your trust a bit further. What do you do with yourself when Charles is away, Alix?"

"Oh, . . . the usual things."

"Well, I suggest that—for the sake of last year—you agree to spend three or four days with me, doing the sort of things we did then. Perhaps it would be a bore to you, but it would be a gesture to end on. That done, I'll leave Nice and not fuss either of you any more."

Alix got up.

Eventually Bénat said: "Are you a poker player, Giles?"

"Yes."

"I thought so."

Alix said: "I don't think it will help anyone if I agree to meet you."

"It will help me."

"Is that important?"

"I think so."

"He means," said Bénat, "that he still hopes to make you love him. Failing that, he will go back to the fogs with a beautiful memory."

"I don't want to revive anything of those days," she said. "I'm trying to forget them."

"You'll have the rest of your life to do that."

Bénat yawned. "Why don't you go to bed with him, Alix? Then he could return home satisfied."

"No," I said. "Profoundly dissatisfied."

She looked at me queerly through her lashes.

"Grutli," Bénat said, rubbing the dog's ear, "we are a patient and an understanding family, but this foreign gentleman requires all our patience and forbearance. We have confessed murder to satisfy him and thrown in a little illegal trafficking to make a full load. We have bared our hearts and offered our bodies, but he rejects them and asks for our souls. What would you say to that?"

The great dog barked gruffly.

"Exactly. We would say that he is asking for the impossible, like the little dog baying at the moon. Or worse, for the moon does exist. The gentleman is out of date; he hasn't read the right books; he is sublimating his sex instinct and giving it a halo. Very disgusting. Perhaps after all the spanner would have been more valuable."

"All right," said Alix, who was still looking at me. "If you want me to meet you I will for a few days. It won't do any good, but I'll do it. I don't dislike you; I've nothing against you, now. You don't mind, do you, Charles?"

"Nowadays," said Charles, his lip drooping again, "the fashionable word is not soul but Ego. A rose by any other name—at least it has the advantage of depriving the religious-minded of a useful lever. But be careful, Alix, that this ardent Englishman doesn't re-convert you. Also, in turning your mind back to superstition, be sure that he doesn't protestingly seduce you after all. It comes better that way, and one doesn't need a cassock to be expert at the game."

I said to Alix: "You'll meet me?"

"Yes. . . . If you want me to."

"Can I see you tomorrow?"

She shrugged slightly, embarrassed. "As you please, though really I can't see——"

"I'll keep to the contract. One week."

"One week. All right."

"I'll phone you in the morning."

I glanced at Charles, and he looked down quickly at his glass.

"I suppose you've no objection?"

"Would you take notice of it if I had?"

"No," I said. "After all, you've had her for a year."

There was a sudden short silence.

"As you graciously put it," Bénat said.

I realized as soon as I'd spoken that that was not the remark of a poker player.

WE were back in Cagnes by soon after midnight. The sky was limpid, and the last clouds crouched over the sea. It seemed ages since Maurice had driven up under the shadow of the storm.

The precautions I'd taken looked a bit juvenile: letter deposited with John, a chauffeur asked to wait. Bénat's cool, logical, civilized brain had blown foolish suspicions away. His way of telling his story had put it all on a nice commonsense level. The German occupation, the betrayals, the killing of Pierre, were all "thrown away" as a sort of intellectual amusement. One didn't imagine it as the violent truth.

That was clear enough to one's reason. But one's reason didn't fill up the whole picture. Instincts get a share. It was pretty evident he was telling the truth about Grognard; no one could doubt that. But something deeper was troubling me.

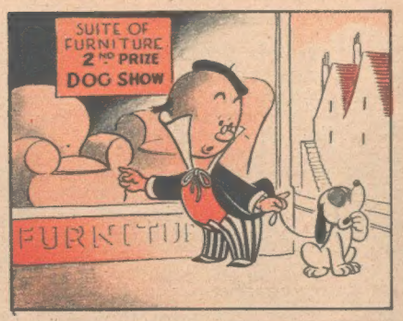
I came away feeling, for some obscure cause, that there was a tremendous antagonism growing up between us. And I drove back to Nice with the uneasy suggestion in my mind for the first time that my life was really in danger.

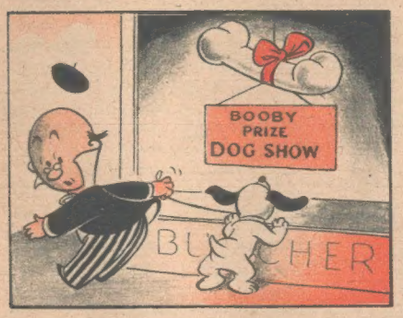
To be continued next week

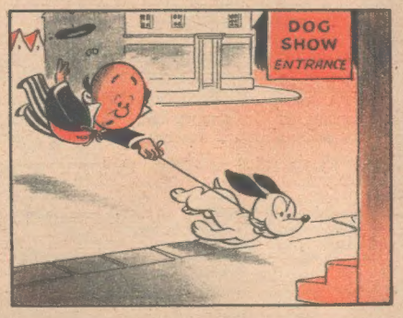
THIS WEEK'S COVER

"ISN'T HE A DEAR? . . . So like his father." Douglas L. Mays, who painted the baby-admiration scene for this week's cover, is inclined to think the compliment two-edged. A proud father himself four times, he reflects: "When a baby grows up it's surprising how it's always the bad points that emerge which are considered to be 'just like father's.'"

MR. DIMPLE *by David Hand*







COWARD, THE GAY HISTORIAN

Continued from page 10

praise, whether of actors who respond to his direction, or of competitive entertainment. Those who sit with him in the stalls say that his bravos and guffaws set a pace for the audience. He is also a black and blue nudger, and after the performance usually insists on going backstage to offer congratulations.

Why his last three efforts in the West End never quite came off, it is hard to say. Bad luck and bad timing spiked *Peace In Our Time*, a play about England conquered by the Nazis. Nobody raved about *Sigh No More*; and *Pacific 1860*, a super musical staged at Drury Lane, lost £70,000 in three months.

The only thing worth recording about *Pacific 1860* is the welcome arranged for Mary Martin, who arrived from America to play the lead. During the excitement a photographer pointed a camera at Coward.

"Could you please tell me your name?" the photographer asked.

"I'd recommend you to *Who's Who*," Coward told him angrily, "and Hell!"

Actors are exotic plants; they have to be watered with recognition and applause. When Coward sang anthems in church as a choirboy, he admits the lack of applause was depressing. The sight of his name in lights has never lessened as a thrill for him.

After seeing in a preview of *In Which We Serve* that Noel Coward had produced it, that Noel Coward had directed it, that Noel Coward had written the story, that Noel Coward had written the script, that Noel Coward had composed the music, and that Noel Coward was the star, Alexander Woollcott, the American critic, sent a cable urging him to soft pedal the credits.

"Americans are simple creatures," the wire said, "invariably rendered hilarious by mere plurality. Incorrigibly we regard Mormons as comic and we're convulsed by quintuplets. Familiar formula, 'Written, acted and directed by Charles Chaplin,' here regarded as equally effective and perhaps correctly far more becoming." But the multiplicity of Coward in the credits stood.

Under his cocksureness, they say Coward is sensitive and easily hurt. On the first night of *Bitter Sweet* he hid in the auditorium, behind the spotlights, watching the audience.

He never moved when they begged for a curtain speech, and later that night, when a mob of girls at the stage door demanded to know why, he replied that he only came on the stage when they booed. He still remembered *Sirocco*.

Tight-lipped Conversation

Normally, his conversation is continuous, except at meals when he stops to masticate with deliberation. He speaks with a tight-lipped tautness, giving a tension to his description of trifles that lifts them out of perspective. Mrs. Patrick Campbell once said his characters speak like typewriters; she probably thought Coward spoke like one, too.

"Noel," adds Mrs. Gladys Calthrop, a very old associate, "is accomplished in the drawing-room, but violently disinterested in open-air activities. He has never indulged in any sport, even as a child, or betrayed any love of nature, or been tempted to ride, fish, shoot or hunt."

"He hates walking," another friend says, "and swims only if the water is warm, succeeding more in looking like a fish than in acting like one."

His claim, of course, is that he knows nothing and cares less about money. When everything was more or less agreed about *The Astonished Heart*, he and Sydney Box met for lunch, all smiles, intensely polite right through the meal, with never anything so prosaic as payment mentioned, and both reluctant to open the subject.

Over the coffee, liqueurs and cigarettes, however, Box at last smiled his great baby-faced smile, rested his massive paws on the table, and asked innocently what Noel expected.

"Coward smiled. "You know me,

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by Patricia Seymour

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THE cheery readers you see here were in London to celebrate *Bullets* thirty-sixth birthday last autumn. Our next gathering of successful *Bullets* entrants will be at the weekend party marking the thirty-seventh anniversary of this famous competition.

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THIRD PRIZE, £25: F. Kirkby, 5 Russell Road, Garston, Liverpool, 19: CONCERT OF EUROPE—MUSIC IN OUR *Years?*

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For ten winners of £2 10s., see last week's "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*.

Fifty "Season Ticket" Awards and 3,000 "Good Shots" have also been posted.

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WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Boos. 2, Shoes or Shops. 4, Earn. 7, Mixer. 10, Pact. 12, Place. 13, Zest. DOWN: 1, Bands. 2, Same. 3, Scare. 5, Bile. 6, Rink. 8, Dark. 9, Chop. 11, Heat.

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Awards value £25 for 1st Runners-up shared by 23 entrants. Useful "Signpost" Prizes awarded to all 2nd Runners-up. In addition, Winner and 1st Runners-up receive 20-lb. Food Parcels.

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests in *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated Oct. 22 and in JOHN BULL dated Oct. 29, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams employees (and families) ineligible.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* on right. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Angel Of Peace	Happily
Attlee's Team	A Bit Primitive
In History's Pageant	Like A Spoilt Child
Look Ahead And	Hardheaded Chap
Housewife's Battle	What A Change When
Frightening	
All She Wants	**Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions**
Oozing Optimism	
Gets More	.....Of Progress
A Mad Scramble	Something To Be.....
Horse-sense	Where.....Leads
Wasn't A Success	..... Birthday
What's Cooking	Doesn't Trust.....
Nice To See	Every.....Counts, So
Motorist Auntie	

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FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues on right. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one, two or three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues **XWORD 652**

1. May be fruitless
3. Crowd clearly expresses disappointment with many a really good one
4. Willing horse with too much work to do may even get this
7. Speaker at important political meeting usually has an effective counter to
8. Some children are more in need of this than others
10. Many a man has got on and done well after a pal has given him one
11. Kiddies aren't likely to be so this in schools of few years hence
12. It may not penetrate all at once when somebody is caught by

Down Clues

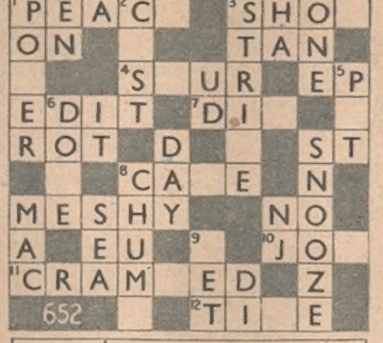
1. Water could be a real this in some parts of Britain
2. In some instances poor production leads to changes in
3. Bad feeling between workers and management sometimes leads to
5. Big one is reasonably expected to pay pretty well
6. In certain cases, to give generous one may be to go too far
8. May rise to the occasion when real need arises
9. Village batsman may swipe some hefty boundaries when he's this

£100 XWORD

In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.), Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.), and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.). Use ink, not pencil.

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps, covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated October 15.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature below is agreement to Rules.



CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
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No.		2s.

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I enclose P.O. value.....

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Signed .....

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652 Closing Postmark MON., OCT. 3

COWARD, THE GAY HISTORIAN

Continued from previous page

Sydney," he said. "I'm just a poet and a dreamer."

"Well, Noel," came the other's reply, "as one dreamer to another, how much?"

"Dear boy," Coward told him, "I'm afraid you're going to pay through the nose for me and my dreams."

The hectic party days are over. Coward rarely entertains at his famous Gerald Street studio, with the two grand pianos on a dais, and his paintings on the walls. Yes, he paints. This has happened in the last three years. If he dines out it is at the Ivy or Caprice.

Now he has taken to spending most of his time at his estate in Jamaica, a neighbour of his old friend Ivor Novello. Roughly every eighteen months Coward feels an urge to act.

This he does, until the old restlessness returns, and he leaves the part to an understudy and goes off on a voyage — anywhere: China, Japan, South America. "With a limited expectancy of life," he told Sydney Box, "and so much that is fresh and new to be done, I must go on and on."

Yet the stuff Coward brings back bears no more evidence of wide travel than if he had never been three miles from the Savoy Grill. His dialogue, page after page of one-line speeches, is crammed with skill and lit by a superb technique learnt in nearly forty years of theatre.

Always An Entertainer

There is a lot that is very clever in Coward, but how much of it is wise? He is always the entertainer, never the sage. His prime concern has, in fact, always been the box office.

Much of the early work dates badly, which diminishes its value in assessing his contribution to the British theatre. Coward did not invent divorce and immorality; he was not the first writer to present them on the stage. But he approached them with a flippancy and cynicism which shocked and fascinated. Now that the flippancy no longer shocks so much, the fascination has faded, too.

His supreme gift has probably been his ability to capture the mood of the times. He passed from the bright young things to sentiment and patriotism, to naval heroics and post-war morality and, now in the making, the wages of sin and disillusionment. The past quarter-century of Coward plays will make dependable source material for the social historian of a century ahead.

But what of the present and the immediate future? How does Coward propose to cater for the current mood; how reflect an age of atom bombs and global strategy, of fair shares and bureaucracy, of "recovery starts within"?

Perhaps his answer is in the new musical piece that is at present being composed in his sitting-room at Pinewood Studios. "This," Coward promises, "will be madly gay."

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Film is continually being deposited on your teeth. *You can remove it with Pepsodent.* No toothpaste except Pepsodent has Irium, specially made to emulsify and wash away stubborn, ever-forming film.

Brush teeth with Pepsodent after every meal. Visit your dentist twice a year. *Keep* your teeth white and film-free and reduce the risk of decay.

Sound teeth should be film-free, acid-free. Brush the film away, as soon after meals as possible, turning the wrist to give an up-and-down action. This permits the foam-action of the Irium in Pepsodent to penetrate the crevices between teeth, where film clings stubbornly.

NEW PEPSODENT is extra-foamy, extra-quick. You'll find your teeth whiter, while Pepsodent's lovely minty taste brings clean freshness to your mouth and breath.

... the Irium in *Pepsodent* fights film

JB

★ *Irium is the registered trade mark of Pepsodent Ltd., for a special soluble ingredient that gives greater cleansing power.*

FD 137A-76

MIRRO makes your pans gleam BRIGHTER

Saucepans shining! Frying pans gleaming!
Your whole kitchen sparkling!
No wonder you're kitchen proud.
Mirro keeps everything bright and clean—your sink and tiles as well as pots and pans.
Grease goes *quickly* . . . *easily* . . . when Mirro is on the job.
Remember—always insist on Mirro, the quick action cleanser that *can't scratch.*

JB

KILLS GREASE IN 10 SECONDS